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R. Arundell

THOMAS RAYMOND ARUNDELL.

# MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

IN

*ENGLISH* AND *LATIN.*

SECOND EDITION.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH REEVE.

Exeter

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1794.

# UGBROOKE PARK.

A

*POEM.*

5219
R252m

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH, &c. &c.

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP's

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



764423

# PREFACE.

THE noble family of the Cliffords of Chudleigh, by the male line, is deſcended from Sir Lewis Clifford, the third ſon of Roger, Baron de Clifford, whoſe Grandfather was made a Peer by King Edward I. in the year 1300. The family has been ſince honoured by the creation of a ſecond Peerage in the perſon of Sir Thomas Clifford, the ninth in deſcent from Sir Lewis. Sir Thomas Clifford received this honour from King Charles II. under the ſtile and title of Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh, by letters patent dated April 22, 1672. In November following he was made Lord High Treaſurer of England. This Nobleman's Grandfather Thomas Clifford, D. D. was the firſt of the family, who fixed his reſidence at Ugbrooke, having inherited it in right of his mother,

mother, the daughter and heireſs of Sir Pierce Courtenay of Chudleigh, brother of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham.

Ugbrooke, for local merit, ranks among the principal places in the county of Devon. The Father of the preſent Lord began and made great improvements, which he did not live to finiſh, but yet ſo far advanced, as to open a ſpacious field for the deſcriptive Muſe to ſport in. On that ground the Poem of Ugbrooke Park was written and publiſhed under his Lordſhip's patronage.

The Poem opens with a converſation, which occaſionally paſſed upon the ſubject between his Lordſhip and the Author. After a ſhort outline given of the country round, and mention made of ſeveral chief ſeats in the county, as worthy of a Poet's notice, the Author enters more minutely upon the internal beauties of Ugbrooke itſelf, and expatiates upon the various objects, that riſe ſucceſſively in view, as he moves round

round the Park. The circumſtance of a Daniſh camp within the fence furniſhes him a fair opportunity of introducing, by way of Epiſode, the ravages once made in this country by that barbarous people, and the overthrow they received from Alfred the Great. A comparative view of that inward ſatisfaction, which ſprings from the tranquil enjoyment of rural ſcenes, and a ſketch of ſome particular improvements made in the Park and Manſion bring on the concluſion of the Poem with a compliment to the different branches of the Clifford family.

## TO THE READER.

Page 5, before the two laſt lines, ſhould be inſerted the following verſes:—

In vain ſhall *Lupton** boaſt, in vain partake
Of kindred ſcenes, that grace *Geneva*'s lake,
Bid rocks give way, bid verdure clothe the ſteep,
And woods ſtand nodding o'er the foaming deep!

Page 11. The river *Teign* is written as it is always pronounced Teing.

Page 13. Inſtead of Stoford, read Stover.

* Seat of the Hon. Mr. Juſtice Buller.

## *UGBROOKE PARK.*

AMIDST the charms *Devonia*'s ſhore diſplays
To tempt the Bard, and decorate his lays,
Why ſilent ſits the *Muſe*, unſtrung her lyre,
Her laurels wither'd, and extinct her fire?
On AVON's bank ſhe once was taught to ſing,
And as ſhe ſung, the vale was heard to ring.
There at her eaſe ſhe tried the rural ſtrain,
And drew the dancing ſhepherds to the plain.
Does verſe no more, does ſong no longer warm,
Or have the ſylvan Graces ceaſed to charm?

The hill, the lawn, the woodland, and the glade,
The rock, and ſonoriferous caſcade
Enchantingly invite. See mountains riſe
Advancing with their woods to meet the ſkies.
See winding vales in broken ſlopes deſcend,
See, interſperſed with trees, the plains extend,
And join the diſtant hills. Here hand in hand,
Diffuſing gladneſs o'er a fertile land,
*Pomona* ſmiles, with *Ceres* by her ſide,
The ſwain's refreſhing ſolace, and his pride.
Can ſcenes like theſe, ſo laviſhly diſplay'd,
Be only meant for Contemplation's aid?
Theſe to the Muſe in vocal right belong;
The Muſe moſt triumphs in deſcriptive ſong.
To theſe the royal Bard attuned his lays,
And *Sion*'s mount proclaim'd their Maker's praiſe.
Th' attractive grove immortal *Plato* ſought;
There *Ariſtotle* ranged his depth of thought.
So in the ſhade beſide ſome murm'ring ſpring,
Arms and the man young *Maro* learn'd to ſing;

Pluck'd

Pluck'd from each ſpray, from each inſpiring bough
The ſacred wreath, ſtill blooming on his brow.

Shall *Saltram*'s* plains no ſprightly thought infuſe,
Nor into ſong awake the ſlumb'ring Muſe?
Does *Forteſcue*'s gay hill † no more invite,
Tho' *Grenville*'s charms with *Clinton*'s taſte unite?
Shall *Edgcumbe*'s mount,‡ with matchleſs glories hung,
Unnoticed ſtand, neglected and unſung?
Thy caſtle, *Powderham*,§ no attention claim?
Old *Powderham*'s glory, and a *Courtenay*'s name
May to the verſe thus patroniſed impart
A grace, a charm above the reach of art.
Shall *Haldon*'s monument,|| that lifts its head
In grateful mem'ry to the warlike dead,

* Seat of Lord Borringdon.
† Caſtle-Hill, the ſeat of Earl Forteſcue, plann'd by Lord Clinton.
‡ Seat of Earl Mount Edgcumbe.
§ Seat of Lord Viſcount Courtenay.
|| Erected by Sir Robert Palk, Bart. to the memory of his friend General Lawrence.

O'er lands and ſeas its tow'ring height diſplay,
Without the tribute of a ſingle lay?
In charms unrivall'd ſhall bright *Mamhead*‖ ſhine,
And yet not challenge one poetic line?
Each ſmiling object gilds the cheerful ſcene,
Seas, villas, rocks, and lawns for ever green
Woods nodding on the lofty mountain's brow,
And *Iſca* winding thro' the vale below.

Shall *Brixham*'s ſtrand* glow in th' hiſtoric page,
And brighter *Torr* no poet's pen engage?
Tho' hallow'd mitres glitter there no more,
The friendly *Abbey*† ſtill adorns the ſhore.
There verdant meads, there hills and wood conſpire
To charm the ſight and fan the Muſe's fire.
Wide-ſtretching rocks majeſtically bold
Th' emboſom'd bay within the land infold.

‖ The ſeat of the Earl of Liſburne.
* The landing-place of King William.
† Torr-Abbey, the ſeat of George Cary, Eſq.

There

There Britain's fleets ſecure at anchor lie,
Hear tempeſts howl, and all their rage defy.
There meek Religion's ancient Temple roſe,
How great, how fall'n, the mournful ruin ſhows.
Of ſacrilege behold what heaps appear,
Nor bluſh to drop the tributary tear.
Here ſtood the font; here on high columns raiſed
The dome extended; there the altar blazed.
The ſhatter'd aiſles, with cluſt'ring ivy hung,
The yawning arch, in rude confuſion flung,
Sad-ſtriking remnants of a former age,
To pity now might melt the ſpoiler's rage.
Lo! ſunk to reſt the wearied Vot'ry ſleeps,
While o'er his urn the gloomy cypreſs weeps.
Here ſilent pauſe, here draw the penſive ſigh,
Here muſing learn to live, here learn to die.

But why thus linger on the ſea-beat ſhore,
And abſent ſcenes thro' diſtant views explore?

Why ſearch around for charms, when here alone
All charms in *Ugbrooke* are compriſed in one?

Oft has the Muſe, my Lord, as here ſhe ſtray'd,
With partial eyes theſe charming ſcenes ſurvey'd.
Oft has ſhe fondly wiſh'd theſe ſcenes to ſing,
And in ſhort eſſays tried her tender wing.
To wake her voice to harmony, each grace,
Each glowing feature of th' enchanting place
Perſuaſively unite. Collected here
As in a point all nature's charms appear.
Hills ſtrive with woods, with water woods agree,
Of *Devon*'s ſcenes the grand epitome.
Oft rambling in her dreams, for dreams by night
Retrace the objects, that by day delight,
She ſeem'd to climb the high hill's length'ning way,
Skim thro' the vale, and round the foreſt play.

Then rouſe, fond Muſe: when *Ugbrooke* thus inſpires,
No vulgar flame thy gen'rous boſom fires.

Dare

Dare to be bold: thy arduous end to gain,
As nature prompts, let judgment guide the ſtrain.
Suit to the taſk thy lofty-ſounding voice,
And by thy numbers vindicate thy choice.
Where teeming Nature ſpreads ſuch richneſs round,
And paints with ſuch variety the ground,
Where nameleſs beauties crowd upon the ſight,
And charms unequal equally delight,
The ſtrains alike in uniſon ſhould flow,
Not ſtiffly high or negligently low,
But what thro' all invariably muſt pleaſe,
With unaffected dignity and eaſe:
Should, like the place, bold Nature's art combine,
And art be nature ſtill in ev'ry line.
Immortal thus ſhall royal *Windſor* live,
Poſſeſs'd of all, that verſe and taſte can give.
Unfading honours ſhall her foreſt crown,
And pay the bard with what he gives, renown.
In local merit, leſs does *Ugbrooke* ſhine,
Or claim leſs favour from the vocal Nine?

Here once great *Dryden* ſtray'd: here crown'd with bays
To liſt'ning nymphs he ſung his Mantuan lays.

Bold as he ſung, he felt new raptures roll
In ev'ry vein, and ſwell his glowing ſoul.
Of woods and rocks the blended light and ſhade,
The ſolemn grotto and romantic glade,
The chequer'd landſcape and ſurrounding ſcenes
Of waving foreſts, and immortal greens
Taught his bright mind with brighter ſparks to glow,
And his bōld verſe in bolder ſtrains to flow.
At ev'ry ſtep, where'er he turn'd his eyes,
Freſh charms he ſaw in quick ſucceſſion riſe;
Hills mixt with hills, as if by magic ſound,
Start into form in ſweet diſorder round.
Save; where judicious Art held Nature's hand,
And ſingle trees in ſcatter'd beauty ſtand,
Bold riſing woods ſtill crowded on his view,
Clung to the rocks, and wonder'd how they grew.

Hence

Hence thro' the whole a noble air is thrown,
And *Ugbrooke* is for ſylvan grandeur known.

Rouſed at the thought, the Muſe with ardour ran,
Caught up her chorded lyre, and thus began.

When Nature firſt traced out the vaſt deſign,
And with her greater works bade *Ugbrooke* ſhine,
In ſtile unuſual was the plan ſhe drew,
At once to pleaſe and ſtrike with ſomething new.
Amid the Beautiful we here behold,
Each feature, as it roſe, is ſtrong and bold.
Not indigeſted or confuſedly hurl'd,
But fair-proportion'd, as th' harmonious world,
The ſocial parts in one great view appear,
That form a whole both wild and regular.
To thoſe, who judge by ſtudied rules of art,
And make the whole ſubſervient to a part,
Whoſe taſte the neat parterre and formal line
Of flow'ring ſhrubs and circling path confine,

No ſeemly grace th' unpoliſh'd draught may ſhow:
'Tis not for them the great Sublime to know.

Above the plain ſee hills on hills ariſe,
New objects vary ſtill, and ſtill ſurpriſe.
O'er cultured vales our eyes unbounded roam
To wilds remote, and ſtill confeſs their home.
For no mark'd bounds the ſev'ral parts control,
Hills, woods, and rocks, form one united Whole.
Steep *Haldon* here his ſable ridge extends,
There *Dart*'s high *Torr* in cloud-capt pomp aſcends.
Around th' horiſon, broken and unev'n,
Dark mountains ſpread, and hide the bending heav'n.
Quick as we move, they ſeemingly advance
To meet our ſteps, and mingle in the dance;
Now ſideways join, now back diffuſedly ſlide
In rugged groups, and o'er the vale divide.
The lovely vale, diverſified with fields,
Amid the waſte a pleaſing contraſt yields.

There devious ſtreams their rapid tribute bring
T' enrich the current of majeſtic *Teing*.
The *Teing*, collected in his wat'ry force,
Between the mountains works his various courſe:
Now clad with greens conceals his ſilent flood,
Now ſkirts the mead, and dives within the wood:
Then murmurs on, and burſting into day,
O'er rocky fragments rolls his waves away:
But rolls not far, before he winds again,
As loath to leave the faſcinating plain,
When nobly flowing with a wider ſweep,
He joins the tide, and ruſhes to the deep.

Sleek lowing herds along his borders feed,
Amidſt his flocks the ſhepherd tunes his reed.
Heart-cheering gladneſs breathes in ev'ry gale,
And induſtry with plenty ſtrows the vale.
No democratic cry, no lawleſs roar
Of raving Anarchy aſſails the ſhore.

No Gallic leveller's deteſted plan,
No rude invader of the laws of man
Here whets the ſteel, or lifts the murd'rous hand
Of life or wealth to rob the peaceful land.
But loyal ſhouts from ev'ry hamlet round,
From ev'ry cot, and ev'ry tongue reſound:
With hand and heart ſupport the royal throne,
And in their *Sov'reign*'s rights congratulate their own.

*Teington* and *Kerſwell* firſt in order riſe,
Their chalky turrets gleaming thro' the ſkies.
Kings there, 'tis ſung, once ſtrove for martial fame;
Each village ſtill retains the kingly name.*
Next lofty *Hennock* crowns the mountain's height,
Here *Illſington* and *Bovey* greet our ſight,
There *Denbury*† unfolds his camp, his wood,
His hills and rocks, diſtain'd with Daniſh blood.

* Kingſteington and Kingſkerſwell.
† Seat of Thomas Taylor, Eſq.

Here

Here *Highweek*'s tow'r, the ſailor's landmark ſtands,
There *Creſtow*'s rock the boſky vale commands.
The heath e'en ſhines, and with expenſive toil
Improving *Stoford** clothes th' ungrateful ſoil.
Here *Whiteway*† peeps, there pleaſant *Ingsdon*‡ ſmiles,
While *Brent*'s dim *Torr* our wand'ring eye beguiles.
Here ſcreen'd from ſtorms and blaſts of wintry ſkies,
In the deep ſhade ſequeſter'd *Ideford* lies:
And here our ſteps inviting *Chudleigh* leads
Thro' flow'ry fields and ever-blooming meads.

Here *Lewel*-woods with *Ugbrooke* hills unite,
How rich, how full, how prominent and bright!
Soft purling ſtreams in wild meanders flow,
And ſhelt'ring groves forbid the ſtorm to blow.
In contraſt with the ſmiling *Villa*'s grace,
A rock there ſtands, the guardian of the place.

* Seat of James Templar, Eſq.
† Seat of Montagu Edmund Parker, Eſq.
‡ Seat of Charles Hale, Eſq.

With

With frowning front he ſeems to threat the ſky,
As from his ſide the marble fragments fly.
His uncouth ſhape, by age and tempeſts torn,
Looſe-pendent ſhrubs and ſhaggy weeds adorn.
On his high cliffs the browſing flocks appear
To ſhrink within the clouds, and feed in air,
While preſſing thro' the mazes of his wood,
Cloſe at his feet deſcends the foaming flood.
Waked Echo hears the ruſhing waters bound,
And from her cave returns the ruſhing ſound.

With bolder notes now raiſe the tuneful ſong,
To bolder ſcenes more tuneful notes belong.
Not nodding Pelion with his ſylvan hoſt,
Nor Ida's ſelf a prouder ſight can boaſt,
Than what yon Mount,* with foreſt honours crown'd,
Exhibits to his kindred mountains round.

* Mount-Pleaſant, within the Park.

There

There thriving elms and aſh diſpute the prize
With ſturdier oaks, that brave the ſtormy ſkies.
Their ſpreading limbs with rich luxuriance bend,
Above the clouds their ſtately heads aſcend.
Sweet-ſcenting limes a ſofter hue diſplay,
And balmy firs perfume the dawn of day.
There, brought from Lebanon, the cedar ſhines,
Tranſalpine poplars, cheſnut, planes, and pines,
Broad-branching beech, and larch with ſpiry pride,
O'er a vaſt tribe of vulgar trees preſide.
Now bow'ring greens their woven ſhades unite,
That ſcarce admit the glimm'ring ſtreaks of light.
Now op'ning glades diſcloſe the puzzled way,
And cheer the proſpect with a blaze of day.
Thro' ſhapeleſs boughs we catch th' expanding view,
Thro' ev'ry change the varying ſcene purſue;
Each growing charm with eager look explore,
And ſcan with freſh delight each feature o'er.

Not

Not ſo in ancient days appear'd the land,
When *Daniſh* rovers ruſh'd on *Teingmouth*'s ſtrand.
Then on theſe hills were new encampments* ſeen,
And threat'ning lances gleam'd along the green.
The rampart here ſtill undemoliſh'd ſtands,
The platform there the valley ſtill commands,
The mould'ring outwork ſtill its creſcent ſhows,
Here ſunk the ditch, and there the caſtle roſe.
Where Danes once ſlaked their thirſt, here weeps the rill
In gentle murmurs ſtealing down the hill.
Then were *Britannia*'s brighter days o'ercaſt,
Her towns a ruin, and her fields a waſte.
Her plunder'd ſwains, untrain'd to war's alarms,
Nor taught the feats and exerciſe of arms,
To lonely deſerts from their hamlets fled,
Or with their ſlaughter'd teems defenceleſs bled.

At length immortal *Alfred* raiſed his hand
To ſnatch from bondage freedom's native land.

* Daniſh camp in the park.

Aloft

Aloft in air the royal banner flew,
And round their Prince a hoſt of heroes drew.
Arm'd for their country's good, along they preſs'd;
With thirſt of glory panted ev'ry breaſt.
Swift as the bird of cloud-compelling Jove,
Upon the foe reſiſtleſs *Alfred* drove,
And bade the battle bleed. Keen flaſhes fly
From his broad ſteel; in heaps the vanquiſh'd die.
On *Haldon* hill by his avenging ſword,
Himſelf a hoſt, fell *Denmark*'s ſwarthy Lord.
Fierce as he fell, he rued the fatal wound,
Grinn'd in the pangs of death, and bit the ground.
From him the Down* derives its vulgar name,
The laſting monument of *Denmark*'s ſhame.
To face the fight then *Danes* preſumed no more,
But fled the field, and ſought the Baltic ſhore.

Thus when the winds ruſh'd from Æolia's plain
To wreck Æneas in the ſtormy main,

* Hall-down commonly called Haldon.

Pale *Trojans* ſaw the gath'ring tempeſts ſweep
Acroſs the ſky, and ſettle on the deep.
The clouds now burſt, now from the kindling pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and angry thunders roll.
Indignant *Neptune* heard the ſurges roar,
And in huge mountains break upon the ſhore:
Then calmly riſing from the ruffled flood,
As round his car the ſea-born *Tritons* ſtood,
With ſtern rebuke he bade the tumult ceaſe,
Fly, winds, he cried; they fled, and all was peace.
So fell the war. *Britannia* ſmiled to ſee
Her King triumphant, and her people free:
Herſelf revered by all the nations round,
Alike for commerce as in arms renown'd.

But hark! what pealing ſhouts the foreſt cheer?
The fancied ſound ſtill vibrates on the ear.
Lo! where the *Danes* had raiſed the hoſtile mound,
Victorious *Britons*, now with laurel crown'd,

Their

Their joyous pæans in loud chorus ſing;
The woods, the rocks, and hollow mountains ring.
Borne on the winds exulting pæans riſe,
And float in ſwelling triumph to the ſkies.
With conſcious warmth each hero's boſom glows,
And down his cheek the ſilent tranſport flows.
In tranſport loſt each ſoldier had by chance
Around th' intrenchment fix'd his pointed lance:
The lance with muſic animated grew,
Off from its ſpear the poliſh'd metal flew.
Now ſtrange to tell, quick ſtrikes the fibrous root,
While high in air the ſpreading branches ſhoot.
The ſmooth round trunk encloſing bark confines,
And in full bloom the burſting foliage ſhines.
Thus, where a hoſt of martial lances ſtood,
In oval ſhape now ſtands the marſhall'd wood.

Hail, ſacred ſhades, the Muſe's ſoft retreat,
The haunt of Wiſdom, and the Graces ſeat,

Your

Your gueſt for life a friendly Bard receive ;
'Tis all he aſks ; O grant, if not, forgive.
Here let him ſing his unambitious lays,
Here ſteal thro' life, here cloſe his peaceful days.
So ſhall no ſlaught'ring ax, with ſtroke profane,
Aſſault the honours of your ſylvan reign.
The trees, by luckleſs fate condemn'd to fall,
From other hills let guilty gameſters call ;
Of yours not one the rueful die ſhall mourn,
Nor from its ſtation be ignobly borne.

The great, the gay, now wild and thoughtleſs grown,
May whirl thro' all the follies of the town,
From plays to routs, from routs to maſquerades,
Turn night to day, and day to midnight ſhades.
But there life's pureſt joys they ne'er will know,
Such as theſe flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes beſtow.
Unenvied let the Virtuoſi prize
Their birds, their inſects, grubs and butterflies ;

Bid

Bid lifeleſs forms in dainty order lie,
And with ſtuff'd mummies feed the taſteleſs eye.
Here life itſelf more ſprightly decks the day,
When on the lawn the hare and pheaſant play,
Or when the deer, exulting with a bound,
Darts thro' the glade, and ſprings along the ground.

O'er mouldy buſts let Antiquaries pore,
Of urns and coins the ſacred ruſt adore;
Change ſcores of *George*'s for one *Otho*'s face,
And learnedly enjoy the precious braſs.
Of ancient honours here, of long-lived fame
More modern marks our better homage claim.
Theſe rev'rend hills, with aged foreſts crown'd,
Theſe groves, this ſylvan majeſty around,
Of ſage progenitors to ſons unborn
Shall mark the ſeat, and ſtill the ſeat adorn.

This

This is the ſeat famed *Clifford** once admired,
'Twas here, too wiſe for ſtate, he once retired.
*Clifford*, unawed by intereſt or fear,
Hypocriſy's falſe garb diſdain'd to wear.
No ſlave to party or the fickle crowd,
The ſchemes he plann'd, he publicly avow'd.
Friend to his King, by principle was juſt,
Inflexible and ſteady to his truſt.
But when to private pique, and each vile end
The public weal was baſely made to bend,
When Honeſty no more approach'd the throne,
Nor Loyalty her ſentiments could own,
When to be great, men were no longer good,
And careleſs *Charles* went headlong with the flood,
Then the much-injured Treaſurer withdrew,
Aſtrea-like, nor courts nor courtiers knew.

* Lord High Treaſurer Clifford. See his character in Macpherſon. Vol. 1.

Let

Let ſpeculative Sages range the ſphere
Of heav'nly orbs, and trace the changing year
Fix motion's laws, explain attraction's force,
The cauſe of thunder and the lightning's courſe;
Say, round the lazy poles if oceans flow,
Or lands lie buried in eternal ſnow;
Tell, why the tides reſpect their ſandy bound,
And fear to treſpaſs on forbidden ground.
'Tis yours, my Lord, to form the rural ſeat,
And add new luſtre to your own retreat,
To model with the Genius of the place
Each leading feature, each ſpontaneous grace,
To ſhade the hill, to ſcoop or ſwell the green,
And break with wild diverſities the ſcene.
For as you plan, the Genius ſtill preſides,
Directs each ſtroke, and each improvement guides.
Hence thro' the whole, irregularly great,
Nature and Art the wondrous work complete;
In all ſo true, ſo unperceived the ſkill,
That nature modified is nature ſtill.

Obſequious

Obſequious rills unite their liquid ſtore,
And fiſhes ſport, where vipers lurk'd before.
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt a fountain flows,
That has no equal, and no rival knows.
A marble rock its copious ſtream ſupplies,
Thence ſprings its ſource, and there its treaſure lies.
A concave form the ſhelving ſides betray,
And crowding trees exclude the ſolar ray.
Hence let *Arcturus* drench the hills with rain,
Or fiery *Cancer* parch with drought the plain,
The limpid well an even current pours,
By ſuns not heated, nor diſtain'd by ſhow'rs.

Along the vale, adorn'd with lawn and wood,
Now winds the deep, the wide-extended flood.
Clear as the wave of *Torr*'s tranſparent bay,
When dazzling ſunbeams on its ſurface play,
The ſmooth expanſe reflects a floating gleam
Of verdant ſlopes, that paint the lucid ſtream.

Where

Where once they grazed, the wond'ring deer deſcry
Inverted tow'rs, that meet the downward ſky:
Then trembling ſtart with wild ſurpriſe to hear
New ſounds of water ruſhing on their ear.
Spent in the windings of the ſkirting grove,
The ling'ring current ſcarcely ſeems to move,
When lo! abruptly from the rocky ſteep
Headlong it falls, and daſhes down the deep.
From crag to crag the tumbling waters bound,
And foam, and fret, and whirl their eddies round,
'Till by degrees in milder falls they play,
And in ſoft whiſpers gently glide away.
Luxuriant oaks, by wanton nature bred,
Along the banks their waving honours ſpread.

Now pleaſed we turn, and ſee the Manſion riſe
With battlements and tow'rs, that emulate the ſkies;
In ſtile and plan ſo fitted to the place,
That each on each reflects a ſiſter grace.

Let loud *Pompoſo* puff his villa's coſt,
And brag the ſums magnificently loſt:
No pompous littleneſs theſe ſtructures know,
Nor pile up vain extravagance for ſhow.
Altho' no heaps of glittering expence
Our pride here flatter, or miſlead our ſenſe,
Altho' the wall no crowded paintings hide,
And no *Sir Joſhua* ſtands by *Lely*'s* ſide;
Altho' no colours on the canvaſs glow,
But what a *Van Dyke*,† or a *Titian*‡ ſhow,
A *Lint*,§ a *Rubens*,‖ or a *Guido*'s¶ ſtile,
Or *Gentileſchi*** in the *Virgin*'s ſmile;
Altho' no figures load the ceiling's weight,
Nor gorgeous columns prop its falling height.

* A portrait of Lord Treaſurer Clifford by Sir Peter Lely.
† A picture of the Tribute Money.
‡ The Adultreſs Woman and a Magdalen.
§ A picture of the Little Children by Peter Van Lint.
‖ A picture of the Virgin and Child.
¶ A Magdalen.
** A picture of the Holy Family.

Yet

Yet ſtill there is, what more our judgment charms.
'Tis taſte, 'tis manly elegance, that warms
And dignifies the whole. Thus roſe the plan,
Thus *Adams* modell'd what you firſt began.

No more let *Phrygia* boaſt her needle's grace,
Nor beds of ſtate in *Tyrian* colours trace;
But here her ſkill and all her art forego,
Here gaze with envy or with rapture glow.
See,* on the ſilken ground how *Flora* pours
Her various dies and opulence of flow'rs;
How, blended with the foliage of the roſe
And rich carnation, the ſtreak'd tulip blows.
The downy peach and curling vine appear
With all the treaſures of the purple year.
Poiſed on her velvet plumes of vivid green,
The Paroquet enlivens here the ſcene;
With half-expanded wing there ſits the Dove
In riſing attitude; intent above

* The ſtate bed.

She turns her eye, where on extended wings
Thro' fields of air her lively conſort ſprings.
With yellow creſts the Cockatoos unfold
Their milky plumage, ſtain'd with tints of gold.
Here freſh as life in all their glory dreſt,
The bold Maccaws diſplay the ſcarlet breaſt,
The painted neck of variegated hue,
And gloſſy wings of bright cerulean blue.

This graceful *Norfolk*'s* ſkill alone could teach,
This ſuch is fate, no other hand ſhall reach.
This, the rich emblem of her noble mind,
For *Norfolk*'s heir ſhe traced, at once deſign'd
A monument of taſte. Alaſs, how vain
Are oft our ſchemes. how mixt with ſeeds of pain
Are half our joys! In life no ſooner known,
But, as a lily cut untimely down,
*Howard*† was ſnatch'd away. With him expired
My hope, ſhe ſaid, and all I once deſired.

* Maria, Dutcheſs of Norfolk.
† Edward Howard, Eſq. ſon of the Hon. Philip Howard by his ſecond wife, the ſiſter of her Grace of Norfolk.

In him kind Heav'n had ev'ry gift combin'd,
That forms the heart, and trains the virtuous mind.
*Howard*—a name ſtill ſad, yet ever dear—
And at the name out guſh'd the big round tear:
O *Clifford*, now my ſecond hope, receive
This laſt beſt pledge *Maria*'s hand can give.
So ſhall I ſmile, howe'er by fortune croſt,
In you to find the work has not been loſt.

She ſaid: and *Ugbrooke* to his ſplendid ſtore
Added this one unequall'd treaſure more.
Th' aſſenting Genius ſmiled, was glad to ſee
Art ſtill with nature vie, and ſtill agree.
Alike in all thus Art and Nature grace
With neat, with rich ſimplicity the place.

No ſtiff formality, no noiſe or ſtrife
Here cloud the day, or damp the joys of life.
Each cheerful morn, with eaſe and plenty ſtored,
Spreads for each welcome gueſt the friendly board.

No plaintive ſigh heaves from the ſorrow'd breaſt,
But Pity feels and comforts the diſtreſs'd:
Supports pale Sickneſs on her bed of grief,
Prepares the med'cine and imparts relief:
To helpleſs Age and Want divides the bread,
And bids Deſpondence raiſe her drooping head.
Thanks to the hand, from whence ſuch bounties flow,
With heart-felt joy the grateful Poor beſtow.
Hence on the noble *Pair* in ſhow'rs deſcend
The pureſt bleſſings Heav'n itſelf can ſend.
Domeſtic virtues in fair order move,
Connubial faith, and harmony and love.
Hence of celeſtial Pow'rs the fav'rite care,
May all their offspring all thoſe bleſſings ſhare!
May to their own their Parents virtues join,
And with new luſtre ſwell the *Clifford* line!

Blithe as the morn, and as *Narciſſus* fair,
In bloom of youth behold the riſing *Heir!*

In

In converſe gay, in ſentiment refined,
In manners courteous, friend to all mankind.
That ſprightly life, which ſparkles in his eye,
That captivating air—ſoon, ſoon muſt die.
Beſide his couch in vain his *Conſort* kneels,
Con oles his pains, and ev'ry ſorrow feels.
With many an anxious thought, and many a ſigh,
Thro' all the changes of a foreign ſky,
By love, by friendſhip, and by duty led,
For him ſhe had from ev'ry comfort fled,
For him had ſought, what titles, honours, wealth
Could ne'er command, the firſt of bleſſings, health:
'Till worn and ſpent, and lab'ring now for breath,
She ſees him fainting in the arms of death.
No help, no friend, no confident is near
To ſooth her grief or catch the falling tear.
As a tall poppy, when o'ercharged with rain,
Bends drooping down, and ſinks upon the plain,
So ſunk the *Peer*—in life to ſhine no more,
Conſign'd to duſt on *Munich*'s diſtant ſhore.

There while he ſleeps, let hallow'd tapers burn,
And Angels watch around his ſculptured urn.

From the ſtill ſhade of ſweet domeſtic life,
Unknown to envy and ambitious ſtrife,
Now firſt in rank ſteps forth the ſecond *Son*
To finiſh what his active *Sire* begun.
With him a *Nymph** of *Wardour*'s princely dome
To fix the Graces in their ancient home
His pleaſing *Conſort* comes: their joy, their care
A blooming *Offspring* crowns the happy *Pair*.
Away our ſorrows at the proſpect fly,
And bright'ning tranſports beam in ev'ry eye.
Reviving *Ugbrooke* caſts his broken plumes,
His former ſtate and dignity reſumes.

* The daughter of Lord Arundell of Wardour.

# C A T O.

*A TRAGEDY.*

By Mr. ADDISON.

DONE INTO LATIN VERSE

WITHOUT THE LOVE SCENES.

# CATO.

A

## TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

WITHOUT THE

## LOVE SCENES.

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*SECOND EDITION.*

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*Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jàm partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.*

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

# C A T O.

## *TRAGOEDIA.*

AUTORE CLARISSIMO VIRO

## JOSEPHO ADDISON,

Inter Angliæ nostræ principes Poëtas

JURE NUMERANDO

OMISSIS AMATORIIS SCENIS,

LATINO CARMINE VERSA.

*EDITIO SECUNDA.*

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*Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.*

SEN. de Divin. Prov.

# To the READER.

## VOLTAIRE *ſur la Tragedie Angloiſe.*

M. VOLTAIRE in his remarks on the Engliſh Tragedy, thus ſpeaks of Mr. ADDISON's Cato.

LE CATON de Mr. ADDISON me paroit le plus beau perſonnage, qui ſoit ſur aucun Théatre; mais les autres rôles de la piece n'y repondent pas; & cet ouvrage ſi bien écrit eſt défiguré par un intrigue froide d'amour, qui repand ſur la piece une langueur, qui la tuë.

La coûtume d'introduire de l'amour à tort & à travers dans les ouvrages dramatiques, paſſa de Paris a Londres vers l'an 1660 avec nos rubans & nos perruques. Les femmes qui parent les ſpectacles, comme ici, ne veulent plus ſouffrir qu'on leur parle d'autre choſe que d'amour. Le ſage ADDISON eût la molle complaiſance de plier la ſeverité de ſon caractére aux mœurs de ſon tems, & gâta un chef d'œuvre pour avoir voulu plaire.

Mr.

MR. ADDISON'S CATO is, in my opinion, the greateſt character, that ever appeared on the ſtage; but the inferior parts of the play are no ways anſwerable to it. That excellent work is diſfigured by an inſipid intrigue, which, by the extreme flatneſs of it, murders the whole piece.

The cuſtom of introducing love, right or wrong, upon the ſtage, paſſed from Paris to London about the year 1660, with our ribands and perukes. The ladies, who grace the public appearance at theatrical exhibitions there, as they do here, will hear nothing but love. The grave ADDISON was ſo weak, as to ſubmit his auſtere genius to the manners of the age, and, out of a deſire to pleaſe, ſpoiled a maſterly performance.

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THE intent of the Tranſlator being to ſet forth the generous ſentiments of the Roman Patriot in a language he formerly ſpoke, greater care has been taken to preſerve the dignity of thought and expreſſion, than to give a verbal tranſlation.

*Nec*

*Nec verbo verbum curabit reddere fidus*
*Interpres* . . . . . HOR.

The Love Scenes being entirely out, it has been neceſſary here and there to make ſome ſmall change in the original expreſſion, and ſometimes to borrow verſes from different ſcenes, to make the tranſition and connection of the parts natural.

In the margin are marked the chief changes and the places, where the verſes are to be found, which in this verſion are read in other ſcenes.

DRAMATIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATO,

LUCIUS, ..... SENATOR.

SEMPRONIUS, ..... SENATOR.

JUBA, ..... NUMIDIÆ *Princeps*.

SYPHAX, ..... *Dux* NUMIDARUM.

PORCIUS, .....
MARCUS, ..... } CATONIS *Filii*.

DECIUS, ..... *Legatus à* CÆSARE.

*Nuncius, Seditiosi, Satellites*, &c.

SCENA UTICÆ *in Prætorio*.

CATO.

# CATO.

## ACT I. — SCENE I.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

*PORCIUS.*

THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato*, and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already Cæſar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword.

Should

# CATO.

## ACTUS PRIMUS. — SCENA PRIMA.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

*PORCIUS.*

OBTECTA dubium nube ſqualenti jubar
Aurora terris revehit exoriens diem
Inauſpicatum, lugubri fato gravem
Romæ & Catonis. Patris effuſus cruor
Civilis omne penitus impleret nefas,
Clademque belli. Parte plus mediâ inſolens
Orbis ſubactâ, Cæſar humanum genus
Rareſcere videt marte deletum impio.

Si

Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

*MARCUS.*

Thy steady temper, Porcius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy.
I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor. Ev'ry time he's nam'd,
Pharsalia rises to my view. I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,

Red

Si porrò pergat, terra, jam propè incolis
Exhauſta, tantis criminum haud ultrà queat
Sufficere monſtris. Quanta, proh ſuperi, mala
Invexit orbi dira regnandi ſitis!

*MARCUS.*

Virtute nixus Stoicâ has rerum vices,
Hæc ſæva patriæ buſta tranquillo potes
Animo intueri. Mente ego infandâ feror,
Quoties ſuperbi imago victoris ſubit.
Quoties ad aures Cæſaris nomen venit,
Theſſalica toties arva Romano ebria
Cruore, toties cæde bacchantem ferâ
Cernere tyrannum videor. Inſultans equo
Vehitur per aciem civibus ſtratam ſuis,
Humilíque mixtos plebe patricios duces
Cruentus obterit ungulâ. O, ſi quod polo eſt
Fulmen repoſtum, fulmen inſueto rubens
Furore, Porci, nubibus ruptis micet,
Viríque flammâ vindice involvat caput,

Qui

Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man,
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

*PORCIUS.*

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills, that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs?
His ſuff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him.
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

*MARCUS.*

Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
Againſt a world, a baſe degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms

Qui per ruinas patriæ ſternit ſibi
Iter ad honores!

*PORCIUS.*

Ille, mihi crede, impio
Qui ſcelere paritur, ſplendidè mendax honor
Haud invidendus fuerit. O quantò magis
Operoſa patris inclyti virtus nitet!
Spiſsâ malorum nube depreſſus licèt
Multa aſpera tulit, major è dubiis tamen
Micuit procellis, luce conſpicuus novâ.
Multa quoque bello paſſus, infelix ſacra
Dum jura libertatis & Romæ aſſerit.

*MARCUS.*

Nemo iſta neſcit. Quid tamen *Cato* poteſt
Solus, ubi Roma degener & iners ſibi
Servile patitur facilis imponi jugum?
Incluſus Uticæ mœnibus fruſtrà ſtudet
Fulcire lapſum Romuli imperii decus.
Milite Numidio cinctus exiguam regit

Umbram

A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'ns, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul. Our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

*PORCIUS.*

Remember, what our father oft has told us.
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors.
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

*MARCUS.*

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe.
Oh Porcius, did'ſt thou taſte but half the griefs,
That

Umbram fenatûs, fractaque virorum agmina,
Tenues reliquias Cæsaris, in aciem trahit.
Dii, tanta virtus dum malis tantis jacet
Oppressa, lancinat intimum pectus delor.
Hæc si Catonis pretia virtutem manent,
Quis non Catonis penè dubitaret sequi
Præcepta, Porci?

*PORCIUS.*

Sæpè nos docuit pater
Consilia superûm mille mæandros, sinus
Habere mille, mille & errorum vias.
Unde inchoetur, vel ubi sese ordo explicet
Indeprehensus, lassa mens nequit assequi.
Caliginosâ nocte sed pressum latet,
Quicquid removit ab acie humanâ Deus.

*MARCUS.*

Tranquillioris sensa mentis ista sunt.
Me mille curæ, multiplex me angit dolor.
O chare Porci, tale si quidquam modò

Paterêre,

That wring my ſoul, thou could'ſt not talk thus coldly.
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls upon me,*
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.

*PORCIUS.*

Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof.
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul.
To quell thy fears and guard thy drooping heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy *Cato*'s ſon.

*MARCUS.*

Porcius, the counſel, which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee, that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.

* Theſe two verſes are taken out of the ſecond ſcene of the third act, where Porcius ſpeaks.

But

Paterêre, non ſic mente compoſitâ anxia
Tempora loquendo falleres. Impar malis
Animus ferendis deficit, labat, cadit.

*PORCIUS.*

Dii ſic virile pectus ærumnis probant.
Macte ergo virtute novâ, age omnes impiger
Intende nervos, & animi vim omnem advoca,
Totúmque patrem. Vincere imbelles metus,
Sortémque forti pectore adverſam pati,
Magni Catonis filium & juvat & decet.

*MARCUS.*

Conſilia capere indocilis ægreſcit magis
Animus medendo. Ruere in hoſtiles globos
Laurúmque petere morte venalem jube;
Haud unquam ab altâ laude degenerem patris
Marcum videbis. Inultus aſt ubi mala

But when I ſee ſucceſs ſtill follows Cæſar,
And ſtill backs his crimes, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes,
Life hangs upon me and becomes a burden.*

*PORCIUS.*

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
What, ſhall an African, ſhall Juba's heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s ſon, and ſhew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman ſoul?

*MARCUS.*

Porcius, no more. Your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Porcius, ſhew
A virtue, that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

* Vide the firſt and fourth ſcene of act II. where Cato ſpeaks; and the firſt ſcene of act III. where Marcus ſpeaks.

*PORCIUS.*

Circùm ingruentia cerno, ubi fata & deos
Cerno uſque placidos Cæſari, iratos piis,
Mœrore feſſum lucis æthereæ piget.

*PORCIUS.*

Suſpice Numidiæ principem: en quanto flagrans
Amore gloriæ indolem feram domat,
Noſtri parentis æmulus. Fato altior
Inter cadentes fortis adverſæ minas
Veſtigia patris paſſibus anhelis legit.
Quid, an Catonis filius cedet Jubæ?
Romanus Afro?

*MARCUS.*

Parce plura: acres ſinu
Stimulos ſub alto figis. Ecquando Juba,
Ecquando Porcius ipſe me pigrum arguit
Honoris?

*PORCIUS.*

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well.
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

*MARCUS.*

A brother's ſuff'rings claim a brother's pity.

*PORCIUS.*

Heav'n knows, I pity thee. Behold my eyes;
Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak . . . . do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

*MARCUS.*

Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?

*PORCIUS.*

O Marcus, did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

*MARCUS.*

*PORCIUS.*

Eſt generoſa mihi nota indoles.
Vel ipſa tenuis umbra te totum excitat,
Dedecoris ipſum nomen in flammas rapit.

*MARCUS.*

A fratre lachrymas poſtulat fratris dolor.

*PORCIUS.*

Conteſtor aſtra, Marce, me miſeret tui.
Hæc cerne lumina: nonne dum loquor, madent
Perfuſa fletu? O ſi tibi nudum quoque
Cor hoc pateret, cerneres totum tuo
Dolore ſaucium.

*MARCUS.*

Ergo quid plagam aſperas,
Et non amicâ mitigas potiùs manu?

*PORCIUS.*

Ter chare frater, fare, ſi quæ te premunt,
Hâc te levare mole curarum queam.
Equidem vel ipsâ morte fraternos velim
Redimere luctus.

*MARCUS.*

Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions. But Sempronius comes.
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

*MARCUS.*

O mihi frater fide
Juncte Pyladeâ, parce turbato malis
Animo, ac dolori facilis indulge meo.
Sempronius venit: animi hunc mollem decet
Celare luctum.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

ENTER SEMPRONIUS.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

CONSPIRACIES no ſooner ſhould be form'd,
Than executed. What means Porcius here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aſide.*

*SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.*

Good morrow Porcius! Let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilſt yet we both are free:
To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms.
This ſun perhaps, this morning ſun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on Roman liberty.

*PORCIUS.*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

INTRAT SEMPRONIUS.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

UBI agitur aut vita aut salus,
Consilia nullum capta patiuntur moram.
Verùm quid isthic Porcius? Oportet, vafer
Arcana cordis fronte simulatâ tegam.

[*Seorsim.*

*SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.*

Salveto, Porci! Mutuo amplexu frui
Dum liberis licet, in tuum sinum ruo.
Si cras eandem fortè testemur fidem,
Uterque servum in brachia accipiat sua.
Hodierna forsan ultima hæc venit dies,
Quæ Romuli urbem cernat immunem jugo.

*PORCIUS.*

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman ſenate,
The leavings of Pharſalia, to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent,
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to Cæſar.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Not all the pomp and majeſty of Rome
Can raiſe her ſenate more than *Cato*'s preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful.
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæſar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt. O my Porcius!
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhews thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.

*PORCIUS.*

*PORCIUS.*

Parvum ſenatum juſſit hodierno pater
Mane huc coire, & quid ſtatu hoc rerum juvet,
Conſulere ſecum: an quâ arte pervinci queat
Fortuna, ſitne aliquando cedendum malis,
Queis ſunt reſiſtendo impares Roma atque Dii.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Conſilia præſens noſtra cùm *Cato* regit,
Secura poſito Roma reſpirat metu:
Victórque vel dum bella per mundum vehit,
Tremit ipſe Cæſar. Quin age & tu aude quoque
Virtute, Porci, in ſimile conniti decus.
Magni Catonis fama præcluſit tibi
Latebras inertes. Judices in te omnium
Vertuntur oculi, nobili an dignum patre,
Laudiſne degenerem, in tuâ ſitum eſt manu.

*PORCIUS.*

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour ..... I'll ſtraight away,
And while the fathers of the ſenate meet
In cloſe debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deſerve it.

[*Exit.*

*SEMPRONIUS* SOLUS.

Curſe on the ſtripling! How he apes his ſire?
Ambitiouſly ſententious! ..... But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not. His Numidian genius
Is well diſpoſed to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the courſe.
*Cato* has uſed me ill. He has refuſed

His

*PORCIUS.*

Benè monuiſti: me pigræ quanquam moræ
Ipſa nimis arguit hora. Militum ociùs
Turmas adibo, dumque conveniunt patres,
Monendo quidquid potero, ad arma deſides
Animos cîebo: gloriæ accenſos ſiti
Hortabor acres tendere in bella & neces
Patriæ atque libertatis ultores ſuæ.
Certos, amice, nemo ſucceſſus poteſt
Sibi arrogare; at nos, quod eſt honeſtius,
Merebimur virtute.

[*Exit.*

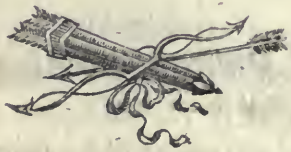
*SEMPRONIUS* SOLUS.

Malè pereat puer!
Sententioſus! Ut animum affectat patris
Tumidúmque faſtum! Sed ubi cunctatur Syphax?
Vafer ille Numida ſcelere fœcundum gerit
Aptúmque pectus, ni uſque ad inceptum foret
Stimulo incitandus. Me malè accepit *Cato*.

Meritis

His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cauſe
Are bars to my ambition. Cæſar's favour,
That ſhow'rs down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To Rome's firſt honours.

[*Syphax enters.*



SCENE

Meritis minorem retulit ingratus vicem.
Superbientis tanta faſtidia viri
Non ſunt ferenda. Me ſibi generum negat.
Dum Marte porrò fractus adverſo jacet,
Ambitio nullam eluſa mercedem feret.
Sin Cæſaris caſtra ſequor, ad primos patet
Aditus honores.

[*Ingreditur Syphax.*

SCENA

## SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

SEMPRONIUS, all is ready.
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt. They all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste.
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul.
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war! In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage.
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march.

The

## SCENA TERTIA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

CUNCTA pro votis eunt,
Numidas viritim voce compellans meos,
Quæ cuique mens ſit, quæve, tentavi, fides.
Duce ſub *Catone* gravia militiæ palam
Munia queruntur, & alium extemplò ſequi
Uno propè omnes ore depoſcunt ducem.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Mihi crede, nullam tempus admittit moram.
Amice, vel dum loquimur, armorum ingruens
In nos procellâ propiùs huc victor tonat.
Proh quantus ardor impetu vaſto omnia
Latè ruentem Cæſarem in bellum rapit!
Natura fruſtrà montium objecit moras,
Fruſtrà æſtuantia pandit oceanus vada.

Per

The Alps and Pyreneans ſink before him.
Thro' winds and waves, and ſtorms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle. One day more
Will ſet the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That ſtill would recommend thee more to Cæſar,
And challenge better terms.

*SYPHAX.*

Alas! he's loſt.
He's loſt, Sempronius. All his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues. But I'll try once more,
For ev'ry inſtant I expect him here,
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Be ſure to preſs upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,

Would

Per mare, per ignes, pérque ventorum minas
Molitus iter in prœlia impatiens ruit.
Alpéſque Pyrenæque ſubmittunt juga,
Facilémque ſternunt ſaxa properanti viam.
His fortè muris victor inſultet priùs,
Quàm ſol ſub undas craſtinum condat diem.
Sed age, approbatne noſtra conſilia Juba?

*SYPHAX.*

Heu ſpes inanes! Pertinax juveni furor,
Æquum, fideſque, & neſcio quid animum abſtulit.
Adeò in Catonem cæcus & præceps amor
Penitùs per omnes toxicum infudit fibras,
Rectumque Numidam tetricâ infecit lue.
Brevî affuturum expecto: rigidum denuò
Tentabo pectus.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Omnia exploret Syphax.
Noſtri attrahatur conſilî in partem Juba,
Victoriiſque adjecta veteribus Africa

Zonæ

Would give up Afric into Cæſar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

*SYPHAX.*

But is it true, Sempronius, that your ſenate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!
*Cato* has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Let me alone, good Syphax. I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion; 'tis the ſureſt way.
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæſar, 'till I ſhake the ſenate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick. Would'ſt thou be thought in earneſt
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

*SYPHAX.*

In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African, deceit!

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Zonæ rubentis Cæsarem latè dabit
Dominum potentem.

*SYPHAX.*

Sed hodiè nunquid *Cato*
Cogit senatum? Dì! esse te cautum decet.
Oculo sagaci cuncta perlustrans *Cato*
Consilia nostra perspiciet, altâ nisi
Tegantur arte.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Ne metue Syphax: mihi
Sat ista curæ. Mente simulatâ vafer
Amore patriæ sensa velabo mea,
In Cæsarémque mille jactabo probra,
Donec labantes fando permoveam patres.
Se nempe seriò agere quis credi velit?
Furore cæcos igneo sensus tegat,
Certámque fictis afferet verbis fidem.

*SYPHAX.*

Solertiam herclè mente versutâ potes
Vincere senilem, & fraude fallacem novâ
Afrum erudire.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Once more be ſure, to try thy ſkill on Juba,
Mean while I'll haſten to my Roman ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow-up their diſcontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on *Cato*.
Remember, Syphax, we muſt work in haſte.
O think, what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on ev'ry word we ſpeak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign.

[*Exit.*

*SYPHAX* SOLUS.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This headſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato*.
The time is ſhort, Cæſar comes ruſhing on us....
But hold! young Juba ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Sed tu inexpertum nihil,
Tu nihil inausum linque, & indictum nihil.
Ego ad maniplos interim pergam meos,
Animósque vulgi facibus accendam novis,
Donec inopino turbine Catonem obruant.
Qui sis, Syphax, memento: properato est opus.
O quanta, nosti, cura sollicitum tenet,
Dum pendet anceps facinus. Auctori suo
Incepta, non peracta consilia nocent.

[*Exit.*

*SYPHAX* SOLUS.

Urgenda res est. Cæsar & bellum ingruit.
Malè obstinatum flectere in melius Jubam
Tentabo rursus, ínque Romanum asperis
Incendere odiis.

SCENA

## SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

*JUBA.*

SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerved of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts, that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

*SYPHAX.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

*JUBA.*

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms
Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?

Do'ſt

## SCENA QUARTA.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

*JUBA.*

COMMODE occurris, Syphax,
Mihi expetitus. Ecqua rugosam asperat
Ægra tibi frontem cura? Cur solito magis
Mœstùm intueris capite demisso solum?

*SYPHAX.*

Fallace risus ore simulatos dare,
Cùm tristis intus insidet menti dolor,
Nec ingenî, nec artis est opus meæ.
Romanus adeò esse nequeo.

*JUBA.*

Ita rerum arbitros
Dominósque quorsum dente mordaci petis?

Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

*SYPHAX.*

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons?
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow,
Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

*JUBA.*

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections, that are plac'd in bones and nerves.

Romana nunquid arma, virtutes, viros
Victus ſtupeſcit orbis & adorat decus?
Quæ gens arenas Africæ & ſyrtes colit,
Quæ non vel ipſum nomen Auſonium tremit?

*SYPHAX.*

Virtute Numidis, quæſo, quâ tandem tuis
Gens illa præſtat? Promptior an hoſtem ferit?
Velociúſne ſagitta Romanis volat
Excuſſa nervis? Turbine an metam petit
Graviore jaculum Romulâ intortum manu?
Quæ comparare regio ſe auſit Africæ,
Seu bello onuſtos in acie elephantas regat,
Seu docili anhelos indole ſonipedes domet,
Equitémque doceat pariter & frænos pati?
Hâc arte, princeps, Roma non Zamam anteit.

*JUBA.*

Vis oſſium illa eſt atque nervorum: altiùs
Romanus aciem mentis intendit ſuæ.
Humanitatis ſcilicet ſtudio feros

A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
To lay it under the reſtraint of laws,
To make man mild, and ſociable to man,
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embelliſhments of life. Virtues like theſe
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

*SYPHAX.*

Patience, kind heav'ns! Excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?

*JUBA.*

Formare cultus hominum, inhoſpitos ſacris
Frænare populos legibus, & icto rudes
Sociare gentes fœdere: hæc virtus, Syphax,
Romana pulchris artibus vitam excolit,
Placidóſque mores barbarum mundum docet.

*SYPHAX.*

Quæ, quæſo, Romana iſta, quæ tandem fuit
Jactata virtus? Quippe mendaci docet
Simulare vultu ſenſa, ſpecioſo oblita
Dare verba fuco, ſimul alia premere ſinu,
Simul alia loqui, omnem abrogans linguæ fidem,
Quam fraudis inſcia cordis humani dedit
Interpretem natura.

*JUBA.*

To ſtrike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to *Cato*.
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf.
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures, that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

*SYPHAX.*

Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſerts,
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe;
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night

On

*JUBA.*

Non imitabilem

Suſpice Catonem, quem extulit diis propè parem
Romana virtus. Sobrius, juſtus, bonus,
Patiens laborum, frigoris, inediæ, ſitis,
Conſtans amicis, ſibi ſeverus, omnia
Oblata blandæ dona fortunæ abnuit.

*SYPHAX.*

Deſerta Libyæ nemo noſtratûm, Juba,
Venando luſtrat, vitam & arcu ſuſtinet,
Qui non ſeveriùs haſce virtutes colit.
Curis ſolutus libero vaſtos pede
Saltus pererrat, callidus tantùm feris
Struxiſſe fraudes. Rivus extinguit ſitim,
Fortuita ſylvis præda venanti dapes
Faciles miniſtrat. Nox ubi diurno opprimit
Labore feſſum, membra proſternit ſolo;
Recline durâ rupe ſuſtentat caput,
Leveſque ſomnos æthere ſub udo trahit.

On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

*JUBA.*

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant, that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like *Cato?*
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods, that throw their weight upon him!

*SYPHAX.*

Dein cum recenti ſole ſe recens levat,
Studia diurna ſequitur, & ſi venam aquæ
Fors reperit illibatam & intactas dapes,
Superos adorat, ſéque regifico frui
Luxu arbitratur.

*JUBA.*

Barbaro abreptus, Syphax,
Furore neſcis, vir quid interſit viro,
Vel quid humile ſupra vulgus heroem levet.
Sed eſto: molles alter illecebras pari
Virtute ſpernat: Mente quis adeò tamen
Animoſus atque fortis adverſæ ferat
Sortis ruinam? Quippe quò premitur magis,
Hoc fortiore ſtat inter ærumnas gradu,
Maliſque ab ipſis robur aſſumit novum.

*SYPHAX.*

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul;
I think the Romans call it ſtoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of *Cato*'s cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric ſands, diſfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

*JUBA.*

Why didſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

*SYPHAX.*

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

*JUBA.*

What wouldſt thou have me do?

*SYPHAX.*

Abandon *Cato*.

*SYPHAX.*

Id insolentis arguit fastum viri:
Ni fallor, Itali Stoicum fastum vocant.
Romanæ opinio tanta virtutis nisi
Fidum Catoni tuum ita junxisset patrem,
Acerba non sic fata servili manu
Inglorius obiisset; inhumata Libycis
Non tot virorum millia jacerent agris,
Pastura rabidos vulturum & lupûm greges.

*JUBA.*

Renovare tristem quid, Syphax, luctum jubes?
Cùm reputo patrem ægro dolore cor tumet,
Lachrymìsque manare humidæ incipiunt genæ.

*SYPHAX.*

O si paternis sapere didicisses malis!

*JUBA.*

Age fare, quonam sapere me velis modo?

*SYPHAX.*

Desere Catonem.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

*SYPHAX.*

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate.
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.
But *Cato* never at a time like this*
Would lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments. No! his life's at ſtake;
And warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threat'ns aloud and calls me to the field.

* Theſe five verſes are *nearly* taken out of the fifth ſcene of the firſt act.

*SYPHAX.*

*JUBA.*

Sic patre bis orbus forem.

*SYPHAX.*

Hoc nempe rebar vinculo obſtringi Jubam.
Marcia Catonem blanda commendat patrem.
Nil miror equidem ſi aure tam ſurdâ accipis
Monita, ſi ita tibi dicta vileſcunt mea.

*JUBA.*

Syphax. caveto: liberas linguæ hactenus
Permiſi habenas: diſce dehinc premere tamen,
Ne plus loquare, audire quàm reges decet.
Sed otioſa terere cauſando pudet
Tempora, Catonis dubia dum pendet ſalus,
Dum marte flagrans Cæſar in aciem vocat.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX* SOLUS.

Ten thouſand curſes light on thee and *Cato!*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

*SYPHAX* SOLUS.

*Nigrantis erebi mille dii perdant malis*
*Jubam & Catonem! .... Cassus in ventum hactenus*
*Labor omnis iit. At cardine haud tanto decet*
*Cessare rerum. Sunt mihi modi, sunt doli,*
*Sunt technæ & artes mille. Tentabo omnia,*
*Quò pervicax frangatur ingenium Jubæ.*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

ACTUS

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORES.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled ſenate.
Let us remember, we are *Cato*'s friends,
And act like men, who claim that glorious title.

*LUCIUS.*

*Cato* will ſoon be here and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes.
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

ENTER

# ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORS.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

HOC in ſenatu Roma nunc etiam viget.
Nos cum Catone retrò ruentis imperî
Fortuna junxit. Noſtra ſibi conſtet fides:
Sumamus animos grandibus cæptis pares,
Româque dignos.

*LUCIUS.*

Ipſe mox aderit *Cato*,
Noſtríque præſens conſilî aperiet modum.
[*Tuba canit.*
Audin? adeſſe nunciat tubæ canor.
Dii ſoſpitales, Roma quos curæ fuit,
Cœleſtem amico numine aſſervent virum!

INTRAT

ENTER CATO.

*CATO.*

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes.
Pharſalia gave him Rome, Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree,
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's ſultry deſerts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts. Are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

INTRAT CATO.

*CATO.*

Patriæ labantis fata, libertas, ſalus
Conſilia veſtra petere me cogit, Patres.
Lachrymoſa portans bella propiori impetu
Minatur hoſtis. Inſolens viri furor
Quâ reprimetur? Scelera perficere improbus
Pergit, nec uſquam ſcelera ſucceſſu carent.
Pharſalica acies Cæſari Romam dedit,
Quaſſata deinceps corruit Memphis ſolo,
Jugumque totâ Nilus Ægypto ſubit.
Quid Scipionis fata, quid cladem Jubæ
Memorem? Æſtuanti ſanguine etiamnum calent
Lybies arenæ. Rapidus hoſtis ingruit,
Et ipſa vel deſerta nobis invidet
Arentis Africæ. Agite nunc ergo, Patres,
Quid cuique fieri placeat, in medium date:
Maliſne victos cedere tyranno juvet,
An fortiter pro patriâ, Româ atque Diis
Ad ultimum certare. Semproni, incipe.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a Roman ſenate long debate,
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death?
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe: 'tis Rome demands your help.
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate. The corps of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! Our brothers of Pharſalia

Point

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Quiſquamne claro genere Romanus poteſt
Pendere dubius, utrúmne præponat necem,
An ſervitutem? Bella, mavortia geri
Bella placet. Adeò protinus eamus, Patres,
Ferróque latera vindice accincti improbum
Petamus hoſtem. Mille denſatis licèt
Cuneis virorum robora tyrannum tegant,
Rumpemus aditus. Quis ſcit, an reliquis magis
Proſpera tot inter una tranſadigat virum
Haſta, patriamque liberet & orbem jugo?
Quin ſurgite, Patres. Roma, libertas vocant.
Surgite jacentûm civium ulturi neces,
Similíve fato ſimile merituri decus.
Sanguine patricio Theſſali exundant agri,
Nòſque dubitando trahimus hîc lenti diem,
Pulchramne præſtet petere per mortem decus,
An luctuoſum ferre ſervitii probrum.
Torpentium animorum ſitum excutiat pudor.
Pharſalicâ cæſorum acie oberrant ducum

Manes

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud .... To battle
Great Pompey's ſhade complains, that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us.

*CATO.*

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon.
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits,
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides.
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence, intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know, what's your opinion.

*LUCIUS.*

Manes inulti: vulnera oſtentant ſua,
Et nos ad arma voce lugubri vocant
Ad arma, Patres. Magnus en! moræ reos
Pompeius urget. Sibi parentandum inferas
Clamat per umbras Scipio.

*CATO.*

Mentem cave,
Ne fortè rapiat nimius armorum furor.
Niſi ratione nixa ſtet, virtus migrat
In temeritatem. Publicæ quicquid rei
Fortuna reliqui fecit, eſt noſtræ, Patres,
Curæ repoſtum. Hiantia patriæ decet
Curare vulnera, non novis vetera malis
Exaſperare. Prodigi vitæ nimis
Meritò arguemur, ſi tot illuſtres viros,
Ut noſtra decorent funera, in medias neces
Projicimus. At quæ nunc tibi, Luci, ſedet
Sententia, audire libet.

*LUCIUS.*

*LUCIUS.*

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair,
Were to refuſe th' awards of providence,
And not to reſt in heav'n's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe. Our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,

Unprofitably

*LUCIUS.*

Eſt fuſum ſatis
Supérque ſanguinis. Impio bello nimis
Quaſſatus orbis vix ſuas clades capit.
Nulla regio uſquam eſt, ſive quà Titan levat,
Seu quà remoto mergit oceano diem,
Quam non replerit ſanguine Auſonium nefas.
Romana latè bella deplorat viris
Viduata Scythia, & mundus oppoſito procul
Sub axe, noſtro marte populatus jacet.
Cruenta tempus tela vaginis tegi,
Generíque tandem parcere humano jubet.
Non noſtra Cæſar auſa contundit, Patres,
Sed vis deorum. Numine adverſo irrita
Quid gerimus ultrà bella? Cedamus Jovi.
Ubi cauſa belli ceſſat, & ceſſet furor.
Patriæ atque libertatis amor arma ad pia
Nos excitavit. Quicquid in manu fuit,
Fecimus abundè. Gloriæ eſt factum ſatis,
Fortè nimis iræ, patriæ certè parum.

Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whiſpers me,
All is not right. *Cato*, beware of Lucius.

[*Aſide to Cato.*

*CATO.*

Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident.
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee, that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us.
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun.
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods:

But

Si Roma denique cadit, atteſtor fidem
Hominum Deúmque, ſcelere non noſtro cadit.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Se perduellis ſæpè quæſito tegit
Colore: vereor aliquis ut lateat dolus.
*Cato*, Lucio ne crede. *Seorſim Catoni.*

*CATO.*

Degeneres timor
Animos coarguit, agit in præceps furor.
Medium occupemus tramitem. Quidni benè
Sperare, Patres, rebus etiamnum licet?
Dum noſtra fortes latera tot cingunt viri,
Sueti labores martis & ſolem pati,
Quorſum proboſo colla ſubdemus jugo?
Numidia gentes aperit immenſas, Jubæ
Facere paratas juſſa. Dum ſpes eſt ſuper,
Stat fidere Jovi. Ne ante præfixum diem
Cadat alta Roma. Liberis donec licet,

But wait at leaſt 'till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt.
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty,
And let me periſh. But in *Cato*'s judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ENTER MARCUS.

*MARCUS.*

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight. He carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with *Cato*.

*CATO.*

By permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*

Deûm fruamur munere : ubi ſummum venit
Fatum, licebit vincla victoris pati.
Hâc luce mallet, imo & hâc horâ *Cato*
Oppetere liber, quàm jugo oppreſſus dies
Ducere perennes.

INTRAT MARCUS.

*MARCUS.*

Quà arva proſpectat, mihi
Commiſſa porta, à Cæſare advenit citus
Modò fecialis : venit & Decius eques
Romanus. Aliquid ferre ſe magni indicat,
Tuóſque, genitor, illicò affatus petit.

*CATO.*

Succedere jube. Decius hic olim mihi

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.

Fuerat amicus. Alia tranſverſum dehinc
Studia abſtulêre, & Cæſari ſocium impiis
Junxêre in armis.

## SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO.

*DECIUS.*

CÆSAR ſends health to *Cato*.

*CATO.*

Could he ſend it
To *Cato*'s ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

*DECIUS.*

My buſineſs is with *Cato*. Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
*Cato*'s high worth, is anxious for your life.

*CATO.*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

DECIUS, CATO.

*DECIUS.*

PLURIMAM, *Cato,* tibi
Cæsar salutem.

*CATO.*

Si mittere occisis modò
Posset & amicis, grata mihi salus foret.
Edenda si quæ porrò mandata afferas,
Coram, en senatus.

*DECIUS.*

Res mihi tecum, *Cato.*
Ad quas redigere angustias, Cæsar videt.
Et nota quoniam merita permagni æstimat,
Tuæ salutis anxias curas fovet.

*CATO.*

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he ſave *Cato?* Bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

*DECIUS.*

Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar.
Her generals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this Cæſar's friend?

*CATO.*

Thoſe very reaſons you have urged, forbid it.

*DECIUS.*

*Cato,* I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the ſtorm, that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it.
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.

Rome

*CATO.*

Romæ ſalute nixa mea pendet ſalus.
Mihi parcere velit? Patriæ parcat ſuæ.
I, caſtra repete, & principi hæc refer tuo:
Accipere vitam renuit indignans *Cato*,
Quam Cæſar offert.

*DECIUS.*

Cæſari ſubdit caput
Roma & ſenatus. Conſulum imperium fuit.
Quotquot triumphis Cæſaris & armis duces
Contrà obſtitêre, pulvere immixti jacent.
Age ergo, victoris ſequere tu quoque fidem.

*CATO.*

Illa ipſa, quæ mihi facta commemoras, vetant.

*DECIUS.*

Per nomen ego te ſacrum amicitiæ rogo,
Qualis procella vertici immineat, vide.
A Cæſare ſecundum orbis aſpiciet ſuum
Pronus Catonem, laude tergeminâ ad deos

Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the Second of mankind.

*CATO.*

No more.
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

*DECIUS.*

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendſhip,
And name your terms.

*CATO.*

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Let him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

*DECIUS.*

*Cato*, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom....

*CATO.*

Roma ipſa tollet, pace ſi factâ modò
Agnoſcere æqui jura victoris lubet.

*CATO.*

Ne plura : vitam hoc munere paciſci nefas.

*DECIUS.*

Effare, quâ tua tandem amicitia queat
Mercede redimi, renuet & Cæſar nihil,
Quo tale palmis priſtinis addat decus.

*CATO.*

Exercitum dimittat ; exolvat jugo
Romam, Quiritum libero arbitrio & Patrum
Dijudicanda facta permittat ſua.
Hâc poterit unâ lege ſibi Cæſar fidem
Catonis emere.

*DECIUS.*

Fama non levis tuæ eſt
Sapientiæ, *Cato*.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the Roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

*DECIUS.*

A ſtile, like this, becomes a conqueror.

*CATO.*

Decius, a ſtile, like this, becomes a Roman.

*DECIUS.*

What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

*CATO.*

Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.

*DECIUS.*

Conſider, *Cato*, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate.

You

*CATO.*

Imò vox quanquam mea
Verſata nunquam in publicis cauſis fuit,
Neque ſuevit excuſare commiſſum ſcelus,
Orator ipſe roſtra conſcendam tamen,
Veniámque ſupplex Cæſari à populo petam.

*DECIUS.*

*Cato,* hic ferocem ſermo victorem decet.

*CATO.*

Juſti tenacem hic ſermo Romanum decet.

*DECIUS.*

Romanus ille qualis aut quantus fuit,
Cæſari inimicus?

*CATO.*

Major ipſo Cæſare:
Eſt ille amicus nempe virtuti & Deo.

*DECIUS.*

Quis ſis, *Cato,* vel unde compulſus, vide.
Non nunc frequentium inter applauſus Patrum

Celſa

You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

*CATO.*

Let him conſider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him.
Did'ſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes.
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

*DECIUS.*

Does *Cato* ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

*CATO.*

Celsa capitolia voce fulmineâ quatis.
Inclusus Uticâ sine spe & auxilio jaces.

*CATO.*

Hoc ille potiùs cogitet, qui nos eò
Angustiarum compulit. Tenuem, ut vides,
Romæ senatum Cæsaris fecit scelus.
Mihi crede, falsum est lumen & inanis rei
Splendentis umbra, quâ ille vir adeò tibi
Fulgere videtur. Spissa si ab oculis foret
Remota nubes, sanguine, rapinis, dolo
Totum inquinatum cerneres. Miserum, scio,
Me spernis, ærumnosum & afflictum malis.
Sed per Tonantem juro, priùs omnis mihi
Oblatus orbis cum omnibus regnis ruat,
Quàm Cæsar esse, sorte mutatâ, velim.

*DECIUS.*

Hæccine referri Cæsari *Cato* jubet
Responsa? Studiis hanccine rependit vicem?

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

His cares for me are inſolent and vain.
Preſumptuous man! The gods take care of *Cato*.
Would Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

*DECIUS.*

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears.

[*Exit Decius.*

SCENE

*CATO.*

Sunt Cæſaris vana ſtudia. Indignor viri
Curam inſolentem. Eſt ſcilicet penes deos
Salus Catonis. Si tamen Cæſar cupit
Clemens videri, opibus malè paratis meos
Juvet hos amicos: ſi ſuæ mentis cupit
Excelſitatem oſtendere, hos ſervet viros
Se juſtiores.

*DECIUS.*

Iſta vis animi, *Cato*,
Nimis inſolens te tollit oblitum tui.
Prudens ſciénſque certum in exitium ruis.
Legatione ſed ego ſum functus meâ.
Notus ubi fuerit exitus, totam dolor
Invadet urbem.

[*Exit Decius.*

SCENA

## SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, SENATORS.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

CATO, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy ſoul breathes liberty.
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

*LUCIUS.*

The ſenate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.

O could

## SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, SENATORES.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

FERRE quas grates parem?
Te, *Cato*, loquente, eſt viſa libertas loqui
Geniúſque Romæ. Scelera meditantem nova
Vox iſta reprimet Cæſarem, aut ſternet metu.

*LUCIUS.*

Uno ſenatus omnis aſſenſu refert
Grates Catoni, publicæ dum ſic vigil
Cavet ſaluti, providus parum ſuæ.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Amor tuendæ Lucium vitæ tenet.
Sed vita quid juvat, ubi libertas perit?
Me potiùs adigat fulmine ſub umbras Pater,
Pallentis umbras tartari & noctis chaos,

Quàm

O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In Cæſar's boſom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

*LUCIUS.*

Others, perhaps,
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots. But what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free.

*CATO.*

Come, no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide
By our diviſions.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Quàm videam iniquo ſubditos cives jugo.
Stet, me cadente, ſalva libertas modò,
Mortes per omnes placidus hanc animam dabo.

*LUCIUS.*

Fortè haud minori pectus hoc ſtudio flagrat
Defendere patriam, æſtuat quanquam minùs
Furore turbidum.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Iſta moderatio virum,
Cui vivere eſt dulce, juvet. At vivere quid eſt?
Non huc & huc curſare, non auras novas
Subinde trahere, aut ſolis aſpicere jubar;
Eſt eſſe liberum.

*CATO.*

Ira ne diſcors agat
Privata in odia, Roma quos ſibi mutuo
Amore junxit. Pace concordi vigent
Res parvæ, eâdem maximæ abruptâ ruunt.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*Cato*, my reſentments
Are ſacrificed to Rome. I ſtand reprov'd.

*CATO.*

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

*LUCIUS.*

*Cato*, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinced the ſenate,
We ought to hold it out, 'till terms arrive.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

We ought to hold it out till death. But *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the ſenate's.

*CATO.*

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,
With reſolution, friendſhip, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it,

That

*SEMPRONIUS.*

En me paratum quicquid aut facere aut pati,
Ubi *Cato* jusserit.

*CATO.*

Hora consiliis moram
Præcidere monet.

*LUCIUS.*

Ipse quod censet *Cato*,
Id censet & senatus. Usque dum bonis
Pax legibus conveniat, audendum reor.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Est dimicandum, quamdiu vita est super.

*CATO.*

Surgamus ergo, dúmque libertas, salus,
Et fata nutant dubia, justitiâ, fide,
Officio & omni genere virtutum brevis
Certemus ævi, tandem ut invidiâ deûm
Si sit cadendum, morte generosâ inclytos

That heav'n may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.

[*Exeunt ſenators.*

SCENE

Nos longiorem grata posteritas canat
Meruisse vitam.

[*Exeunt senatores.*

## SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

*CATO.*

JUBA, the Roman ſenate has reſolv'd,
'Till time give better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæſar.

*JUBA.*

The reſolution fits a Roman ſenate.
But *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
Alas, I thought not then his death ſo near,
Wept o'er me, preſt me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my ſon, ſaid he,
Whatever fortune ſhall befal thy father,

## SCENA QUARTA.

CATO, JUBA.

*CATO.*

PATRIBUS eſt ratum, Juba,
Forti repellere Cæſarem & bellum manu.

*JUBA.*

Sententia patres iſta Romanos decet.
Dignare tu quoque pauca memorantem Jubam
Audire. Paucos genitor ante obitum dies,
Haud rebar equidem mortem ita propinquam viro
Tunc imminere, quando me juſſit Uticam
Tendere, trementes ſuſtulit in ulnas ſenex
Blandè oſculatus, multa collachrymans. Dolor
Ut primus abiit, quicquid eveniat mihi,
Nate, inquit, eſto Catoni amicus. Auſpice

Be *Cato*'s friend. He'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds. Do but obſerve him well,
Thou'lt ſhun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

*CATO.*

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas, a better fate.
But heav'n thought otherwiſe.

*JUBA.*

My father's fate
In ſpite of all the fortitude, that ſhines
Before my face in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my ſoul, and fills my eyes with tears.

*CATO.*

It is an honeſt ſorrow, and becomes thee.

*JUBA.*

My father drew reſpect from foreign climes.
The kings of Afric ſought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden ſources of the Nile,

In

Surges Catone ad omne virtutum decus.
Illo duce, fugies mala aut diſces pati.

*CATO.*

Tuus ille ſummâ laude cumulatus pater
Meliora fuerat fata commeritus, Juba.
Diis aliter eſt viſum.

*JUBA.*

Ubi patris imago ſubit,
Lachrymis madeſcunt me vel invito genæ.
Omnis animo virtus abit, ſuperat dolor.

*CATO.*

Honeſtus eſt ille dolor, & dignus Jubâ.

*JUBA.*

Gentes remotas fama complevit patris.
Hunc pace bellóque Africæ reges ſibi
Socium ambiebant, Maurus & vultum niger
Getulus Æthiópſque, quíque ultrà jacent
Nili receſſus, quíque, ut eſt fama, incolunt

In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun.
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

*CATO.*

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

*JUBA.*

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point ont new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's pow'rful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him.
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Alio calentes ſole trans Gangem plagas,
Donis onuſti petere amicitiam & opem
Venêre Zamam.

*CATO.*

Gloria mihi haud eſt tui
Ignota patris.

*JUBA.*

Patris amicitias tibi
Dum commemoro, non patrium jacto decus;
Jungenda fœdera tibi nova monſtro, nova
Subſidia belli. Nunquid hanc præſtat Uticam
Deſerere, & omni Numidiâ armatâ, ſimul
In ſocietatem fœderis amicos patris
Excire reges? Cognitum ſi orbi foret,
Virtute & armis quantus incedas, *Cato*,
Totam videres Africam è gremio nigros
Populos vomentem ad ſigna confluere tua,
Sociáſque bello latè inhorrentes novo
Ferveſcere acies.

*CATO.*

And can'ſt thou think
*Cato* will fly before the ſword of Cæſar,
Reduced like Hannibal to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

*JUBA.*

*Cato*, perhaps,
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

*CATO.*

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On heav'n's firſt fav'rites, and the beſt of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert

Their

*CATO.*

Cæſari an timidum putas
Cedere Catonem velle? Me, ut vagus Hannibal,
Libycas per urbes ſupplicem & regum hoſpitem
Auxilia petere?

*JUBA.*

Forſan officio tibi
Peccare nimio videor, anxius tuæ
Dum ſtudeo vitæ, & ſuggero auxilium malis.

*CATO.*

Eſt tua mihi accepta pietas. Noris tamen,
Juba; quæ imperitum vulgus appellat mala,
Adverſa fortuna, dolor, ærumnæ, mala
Cenſenda non ſunt, ſorte cùm æquali accidunt
Bonis malíſque. His altior cœlum petit
Generoſus animus. Aſperis fatis pios
Exercet aliquando deus, ut clara emicet
Magis inde virtus, quæ niſi rerum arduo

Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which ſhun the day, and lie concealed
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

*JUBA.*

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt. I pant for virtue,
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

*CATO.*

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*.
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from Cæſar.

*JUBA.*

The beſt good fortune, that can fall on Juba,
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on *Cato*.

*CATO.*

What does Juba ſay?
Thy words confound me.

*JUBA.*

I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

*CATO.*

Splendeſcat uſu, tecta velut umbrâ diem
Lucémque fugit.

*JUBA.*

Ita dum loquere, totus, *Cato*,
Virtutem anhelus ſpiro.

*CATO.*

Vigilias amas,
Æſtum, laborem, frigus, & famem & ſitim?
Hæc ab Catone diſce, fortunam ab aliis.

*JUBA.*

Felicitas, fortuna, & omnis ſpes Jubæ
Te pendet uno.

*CATO.*

Verba quid volunt?

*JUBA.*

Nihil:
Revocare liceat.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

Tell me thy wiſh, young prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

*JUBA.*

Oh, they're extravagant.
Still let me hide them.

*CATO.*

What can Juba aſk,
That *Cato* will refuſe?

*JUBA.*

I fear to name it.
Marcia inherits all her father's virtues.

*CATO.*

What wou'dſt thou ſay?

*JUBA.*

*Cato*, thou haſt a daughter.

*CATO.*

Quod tuâ interſit, nihil
Cela Catonem.

*JUBA.*

Quæ modum excedunt, decet
Celare vota.

*CATO.*

Petere quid poteſt Juba,
Quod *Cato* recuſet?

*JUBA.*

Eloqui vetat timor.

*CATO.*

Eloquere.

*JUBA.*

Dotes Marcia paternas habet.

*CATO.*

Quò verba ſpectant?

*JUBA.*

Eſt tibi, *Cato*, filia.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

Adieu, young prince. I would not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt, liberty or death.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

*CATO.*

Princeps valeto. Quicquid imminuat tuam
Mihi, Juba, famam, audire nolim. Dum premunt
Inimica fata, nos decet nihil, nisi
Vitam & triumphos, vincula aut mortem loqui.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

*SYPHAX.*

HOW's this, my prince! What, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, I'm undone!

*SYPHAX.*

I know it well.

*JUBA.*

*Cato* thinks meanly of me.

*SYPHAX.*

And ſo will all mankind.

*JUBA.*

## SCENA QUINTA.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

*SYPHAX.*

QUIS ille, Juba, quis ora ſuffundit pudor?
Quæ cauſa luctûs?

*JUBA.*

Heu, Syphax, perii miſer!

*SYPHAX.*

Hoc antè noram.

*JUBA.*

Me *Cato* vili æſtimat.

*SYPHAX.*

Haud pluris orbis faciet.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

I've opened to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for Marcia.

*SYPHAX.*

*Cato*'s a proper perſon to entruſt
A love-tale with.

*JUBA.*

Oh I could pierce my heart.
My fooliſh heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?
*Cato*'s diſpleas'd, and Marcia loſt for ever.

*SYPHAX.*

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice:
Marcia might ſtill be your's.

*JUBA.*

What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By heav'ns thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

*SYPHAX.*

Marcia might ſtill be your's.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Aperui meos

Catoni amores.

*SYPHAX.*

Aptus est *Cato*, cui

Credas amores.

*JUBA.*

Solis ætherei jubar

Tædet tueri. Corde transfixo juvat

Occumbere umbris. Stulta quò miserum abstulit

Animi libido? Graviter heu! *Cato* mihi

Infensus est; mihi Marcia æternùm perit.

*SYPHAX.*

Si quid monenti credis, etiamnum potest

Tua esse Marcia.

*JUBA.*

Quid loquere, Syphax?

*SYPHAX.*

Potest

Tua esse Marcia.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

As how, dear Syphax?

*SYPHAX.*

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unuſed to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

*JUBA.*

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man? Wouldſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act, that would deſtroy my honour?

*SYPHAX.*

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Arte quâ poſſit, doce.

*SYPHAX.*

Numidas feroces ducit ad bellum Juba,
Quos fræna ferre neſcii alipedes vehunt,
Prævertere Euros concitâ aſſueti fugâ.
Tu modò jubeto, virginémque hinc ociùs
Raptam avehemus.

*JUBA.*

Ore num potuit nefas
Excidere, probra quod nomini noſtro allinat
Æterna.

*SYPHAX.*

Probra nomini! Nomen quid eſt?
Inane fulgur nempe, ſpecioſum nihil,
Aut fax cerebri fatua, quæ incautos trahit
Sæpè in malorum abrupta, dum errores vagæ
Sectantur umbræ.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Wouldſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

*SYPHAX.*

The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæſars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
Theſe gods on earth, are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

*SYPHAX.*

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Quid, tuo an ſuades Jubæ
Agere latronem?

*SYPHAX.*

Quippe Romani patres,
Quos tu merere laudibus cœlum putas,
Tales fuêre. Ille orbis edomiti pavor,
Superba Roma, Roma, quæ imperium mari
Terminat & aſtris, virginum quondam fuit
Fundata raptu. Scipio, Cæſar, *Cato*,
Pompeius, & quos Roma mortales deos
Dixit, Sabinis matribus referunt genus,
Spuria propago.

*JUBA.*

Vereor, ut, Syphax, tibi
Cerebrum Numidicis ſit nimis fœtum dolis.

*SYPHAX.*

Mihi crede, mores tibi hominum noti parum.

*JUBA.*

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

*SYPHAX.*

Go, go, you're young.

*JUBA.*

Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

*SYPHAX.*

I have gone too far.

[*Aſide.*

*JUBA.*

*Cato* ſhall know the baſeneſs of thy ſoul.

*SYPHAX.*

Young prince, behold theſe locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles:

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Notitia at iſta perfidos ſi homines facit,
O uſque vitam ducat ignarus Juba.

*SYPHAX.*

Mihi apage ſenſa iſta, puer: ætate indiges.

*JUBA.*

Dii! ſiccine arrogantiam hanc lentus feram?
Falſe veterator, proditor patriæ es tuæ.

*SYPHAX.*

Me longiùs animi ardor incautum tulit.
[*Seorſim.*

*JUBA.*

Perfide latro, hæc tua *Cato* conſilia ſciet.

*SYPHAX.*

Viden' hos capillos? Galeâ ut incincti albidum
Traxêre honorem, ductor & miles tui
Dum bella pugnabam patris!

*JUBA.*

Thoſe locks ſhall ne'er protect thy inſolence.

*SYPHAX.*

Muſt one raſh word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of ſervice!

[*Exit Juba.*

.... Curſe on the boy! how ſteadily he hears me.
I muſt appeaſe this ſtorm, or periſh in it.

[*Exit Syphax.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

*JUBA.*

Mihi iſte honor

Nuſquam inſolentiam teget.

*SYPHAX.*

Num ergo mihi

Vox una, vitium garrulæ ætatis leve,

Priſtina laborum merita geſtorum auferet?

[*Exit Juba.*

Styx mille peſtes in caput pueri evomat!

Sed has oportet illicò procellæ minas

Placare, vel nos turbine effuſo obruent.

[*Exit Syphax.*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

*SYPHAX.*

ALAS, my prince, how are you chang'd of late?*
I've known young Juba riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts.
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rous'd him to the chace? I've ſeen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,

* *Theſe verſes as far as* loſe its ſweetneſs, *are taken from ſcene V. act II.*

Then

# ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

*SYPHAX.*

HEU qualis es quantúmque mutatus, Juba!
Heu quantùm ab illo degener pridem Jubâ,
Qui ſtrata ſolitus linquere ante ortum diem,
Vel quando Sirius arva torrebat vapor,
Venando ſaltus atque ſylvarum horrida
Dumeta obivit, ſive quâ rabida tigris,
Seu fulvus inter nemora dormivit leo?
Ardore quanto lumina micabas, ubi
Dejecta opacis præda decurrit jugis?
Clamore anhelo quantus urgebas fugam?

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

*JUBA.*

Pr'ythee no more!

*SYPHAX.*

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey flow'd
From ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.

*SYPHAX.*

Te ſæpè vidi cominùs laceſſere
Leonis iras, unguium horribiles minas
Ultrò aſperare, ſpiculo obtento truces
Excire morſus, móxque pronum ab equo arduos
Pendere in ictus, & reluctantem feram
Affigere ſolo.

*JUBA.*

Méne puerilis animi
Adeò eſſe rere, ut hiſce condonem tua
Opprobria nugis?

*SYPHAX.*

Quanta longævi ſinum
Regis replebant gaudia, ubi te auro graves
Attollere ungues vidit, & ſpolia humeros
Induere villis horrida!

*JUBA.*

Etiamſi fluant
Tibi verba melle, mihi modò inviſa accident.

*SYPHAX.*

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.*
Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
His eyes brim-full of tears, then ſighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee, be careful of my ſon. His grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

*JUBA.*

Alas, the ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! How ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty, which I owe him?

*SYPHAX.*

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

* *Theſe verſes, from the words,* Sir, your great father, *&c. as far as,* rather ſay your love, *are taken from ſcene IV. act I.*

*SYPHAX.*

Non me loquentem ſic tuus ſprevit pater.
Heu vixit! At chara illius an unquam poteſt
Excidere imago, ubi collo inhæreſcens tuo,
Mille inter oſcula, mille & amplexus, ſui
Vix compos, inquit ultimum abituro vale?
Mihi quanto oboritur gaudio immixtus dolor,
Cum dulcè triſtem pectore revolvo diem!
Simul ille dextram dexteræ inſeruit meæ,
Altúmque ab imo corde ſuſpirans, vide,
Inquit, ſaluti filii invigiles: ſimul
Lachrymæ rigabant ora, nec fari dolor
Eſt plura paſſus.

*JUBA.*

Patris ô blandum nimis
Sacrúmque nomen! Fare, quî poſſim, Syphax,
Præſtanda genitori optimo officia exequi.

*SYPHAX.*

Juſſa faciendo.

*JUBA.*

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions.

*SYPHAX.*

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

*JUBA.*

I do believe, thou wouldſt; but tell me how?

*SYPHAX.*

Fly from the fate, that follows Cæſar's foes.

*JUBA.*

My father ſcorn'd to do it.

*SYPHAX.*

And therefore dy'd.

*JUBA.*

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

*SYPHAX.*

*JUBA.*

Me tuis juſſit pater

Parere monitis.

*SYPHAX.*

Sola mihi, princeps, tuæ

Cura eſt ſalutis.

*JUBA.*

Cognitum eſt ſtudium ſatis.

Quid me mones?

*SYPHAX.*

Quæ Cæſari inimicos premunt,

Ut fata fugias.

*JUBA.*

Fugere noluit pater.

*SYPHAX.*

Adeóque periit.

*JUBA.*

Mille pugnando neces

Subire præſtat, damna quàm famæ pati.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Rather ſay your love.

*JUBA.*

Is it, becauſe the throne of my forefathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall encloſe,
That thou preſum'ſt to treat thy prince with ſcorn?

*SYPHAX.*

Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions?*
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a caſque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aſpires to?
Is it not this? To ſhed the ſlow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood in your defence?

*JUBA.*

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

* *Theſe verſes from theſe words,* Is it becauſe, *&c. as far as* Cæſar I'm wholly thine, *are taken from ſcene V. act II.*

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Magè dic, amoris.

*JUBA.*

Fræna verboſæ, Syphax
Injice licentiæ. An ideò illudere Jubæ
Te poſſe credis, quòd patris ſolium vacat,
Quòd adhuc Numidici nutat imperii decus,
Et me vibrandis imparem ſceptris putas?

*SYPHAX.*

Cur ſic acutis transfodis dictis ſinum?
Quid, nonne tecum gradior ad bellum comes,
Fortis ſubire & martis & lethi vices?
Cur lanceâ dextram onero, cur galeâ caput,
Niſi ut reliquias ſanguinis, queis hoſtica
Manus pepercit, patriæ impendam & tibi?

*JUBA.*

Audire plura non libet: Syphax, tace.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Not hear me talk! What, when my faith to Juba,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb.
But whilſt I live, I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

*JUBA.*

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

*SYPHAX.*

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you, whom you love, at any price.

*JUBA.*

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Jubes Tacere? Taceat ut Syphax, fides
Cùm data Jubæ in dubium vocatur? Me Juba
Interimat, & tacebo. Verùm dum traho
Auras ſuperſtes, luce dum æthereâ fruor,
Nequeo tacere, & principi inviſam meo
Ducere ſenectam.

*JUBA.*

Corda placandi modum
Artemque noſti. Te mihi fidum reor.

*SYPHAX.*

Conſtare meliùs nempe quî poterat fides?
Hanc ut probarem, facinus audendi tibi,
Quod abhorret animus, me fore ſpopondi ducem;
Propriam ut haberes Marciam, expedii modum.

*JUBA.*

An hoc volebas? Ah nimis præceps fui.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

And 'tis for this, my prince has call'd me traitor.

*JUBA.*

Sure thou miſtak'ſt. I did not call thee ſo.

*SYPHAX.*

You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to *Cato?*
That Syphax loves you, and would ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your ſervice?

*JUBA.*

Syphax, I know thou loveſt me. But indeed,
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids, and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not.
It ought not to be ſported with.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Ideóque falſum proditorem patriæ
Me nuncupabas.

*JUBA.*

Num ore quid tale excidit?
Ancipite peccas fortè deceptus ſono.

*SYPHAX.*

Conſilia porrò velle te aiebas mea
Pandere Catoni. Quæſo, quid tandem Juba
Pandet Catoni? Me tibi addictum nimis?
Me tibi paratum ſanguinem & famam quoque
Impendere?

*JUBA.*

Tuo te Jubæ addictum ſcio.
Sed amore peccaſti nimio. Honeſti, Syphax,
Hinc diſce leges regibus habendas ſacras.
Artibus honeſtum perpolit mentem ſuis,
Virtutis æmulatur abſentis decus,
Præſenti honores afflat imitando novos.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

By heav'ns,
I'm raviſh'd, when you talk thus, tho' you chide me.
Alas, I have hitherto been uſed to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn,
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people, who preſerve their honour
By the ſame duties, that oblige their prince!

*JUBA.*

Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thyſelf.
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

*SYPHAX.*

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.

If

*SYPHAX.*

Per aſtra, penè me mihi rapis, Juba,
Sic quando loqueris. Id mihi à primâ fuit
Ætate ſuaſum, ſubdito unum hoc eſſe opus,
Unum hunc laborem ; nempe ſe fidum ſuo
Regi approbare. Beatus is demum fuit,
Qui ſic honeſtum ſimul & officii fidem
Sociare novit.

*JUBA.*

Syphacis, hîc noſco indolem.
Senſa iſta Syphacem pariter & Jubam decent.
Infamis orbi eſt Punica, ut noſti, fides.
Ne eadem Numidico nomini inſideat nota,
Noſtrum eſt cavere.

*SYPHAX.*

Ut loqueris, ut places, Juba !
Hâc macte, princeps, indole. I, patrio caput
Diademate

If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſs'd with *Cato*'s lectures.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, thy hand! We'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age.
Thy prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

*SYPHAX.*

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burdenſome, I ſhan't ſupport it.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, farewel. I'll hence and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion, that may ſet me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[*Exit.*

*SYPHAX.*

Diademate revinci. Africæ, I, felix tuæ
Virtutibus Catonis imperium rege.

*JUBA.*

Amice, dextram junge. Dictorum damus
Veniam viciſſim, mutuam accipimus fidem.
Quando Numidiæ ſceptra ſumpſero, Syphax
Mihi erit ſecundus, proximum regi caput.

*SYPHAX.*

Nimis ampla amoris pignora accumulas tui.
Vicem referre debitam haud noſtræ eſt opis.

*JUBA.*

Syphax, valeto. Concito hinc greſſu feror
Rectâ ad Catonem, ſi qua ſe fortè offerat
Occaſio, viro facta purgandi mea.
Nil curo reliqua, ſit modò placidus *Cato*.

[*Exit.*

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Young men ſoon give and ſoon forget affronts.
Old age is ſlow in both. A falſe old traitor!
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear.
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee.
But hence, 'tis gone. I give it to the winds.
Cæſar, I'm wholly thine.

SCENE

*SYPHAX.*

Colligit ut iram leviter, ita leviter premit
Juvenilis ætas: tardus in utroque eſt ſenex.
Ego veterator, proditor, latro? Hæc tibi
Fortaſſe magno verba conſtiterint, puer.
Amoris antehac nonnihil habebas mei.
Sed hinc faceſſat; trado rapiendum notis.
Et mente & animo Cæſarem totus ſequor.

## SCENE II.*

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

WELL, *Cato*'s ſenate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate.
Lucius, declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a meſſenger from Cæſar.
Should they ſubmit, e'er our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck
Loſt in the gen'ral undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

*SYPHAX.*

But how ſtands *Cato?*

* This ſcene is taken from ſcene VI. act II.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

FIXUM ſenatui ergo, Semproni, ſedet
Bello experiri malle fortunam priùs,
Quàm deditâ imperium urbe victoris pati?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Quàm penè fati limina attigimus, Syphax?
Auctor ineundæ Lucius pacis fuit,
Pacem Catoni à Cæſare Decius obtulit.
Dii! ſi ſenatus fœdus accipiat priùs,
Quàm fortiantur noſtra conſilia exitum,
Actum eſt, perivimus.

*SYPHAX.*

At quid interea *Cato?*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Thou haſt ſeen mount Atlas;
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man. His tow'ring ſoul
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on Cæſar.

*SYPHAX.*

But what's this meſſenger?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

I've practiſed with him,
And found the means to let the victor know,
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends:
But let me now examine in my turn.
Is Juba fixt?

*SYPHAX.*

Yes—but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reaſon on him,

Sooth'd

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Vidisti Atlanta. Vertice superbo in poli
Minatus astra inter procellosos notos
Cœlique fulmina arduum attollit caput,
Dum fractus infrà marmore effuso pedem
Tundit furentûm vastus undarum globus.
Sic ille durus, rigidus, intractabilis
Inter ruinas fortis adversæ altior
Insurgit, elatóque tumidus Cæsarem
Despectat oculo.

*SYPHAX.*

At ille quid porrò Decius?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Illi clam aperui consilî nostri modum;
Aperiet ille Cæsari. Sed quid mihi
Tu jam viciſſim de Jubâ refers.

*SYPHAX.*

Manet
Fixus Catoni. Cuncta versavi, institi,

Sooth'd and careſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,
Laid ſafety, life and int'reſt in his ſight.
But all are vain; he ſcorns them all for *Cato*.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Come, 'tis no matter. We ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.

*SYPHAX.*

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers.
They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,

Unuſual

Suaſi, increpavi, voce adulanti preces
Immiſcui irâ, rurſus oravi, nihil
Non denique egi, flexus ut tandem puer
Meliora ſaperet. Perſtat immotus tamen
Animis eiſdem: opes, ſalutem & omnia
Uni Catoni devovet.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Parvi intereſt.

Sic quando libuit, ante victoris rotas
Ductus catenis, nobile triumpho decus,
Alta Capitolia regius ſcandat puer.

*SYPHAX.*

An inter agmina gliſcit intereà virûm.
Seditio?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Cæptis exequendis omnia
Parata: voces, murmura, querelæ undique
Palam audiuntur. Factioſorum duces
Fremitibus iras militum accendunt ſuis,

Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more
This medley of philoſophy and war.

[*A ſhout is heard.*

*SYPHAX.*

What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?*
What new alarm?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

A ſecond louder yet
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the ſenate-houſe.

*SYPHAX.*

Make *Cato* ſure, and give up Utica.
Mean time I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the ſquare to exerciſe their arms,
And as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*

* *Theſe three verſes, as far as the words,* more full upon me, *are taken from ſcene III. act III.*

Noſtriſque ſpondent ſtrenuam inceptis opem.
Parere rigido Stoici imperio ducis
Ultrà recuſant.

[*Clamor tollitur.*

*SYPHAX.*

Ille quid ſonus refert
Fremens tumultu? Audin' ut eliſis propè
Clareſcit auris!

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Curiam hanc ipſam parant
Irrumpere.

*SYPHAX.*

Catonem arcta conſtringant, vide,
Vincla, & propinqui prodita accipiat jugum
Victoris Utica. Ego interim in foro inſtruam
Turmas equeſtres, promptus, ut fuerit opus,
Succurrere. Hominem quantus invadet ſtupor,

Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Cùm ſic ab omni parte glomeratam ſciet
In ſe ruinam.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, with the LEADERS of the MUTINY.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

AT length the winds are raiſed, the ſtorm blows high.
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has ſpent itſelf on *Cato*'s head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

[*Exit.*

*FIRST LEADER.*

We all are ſafe. Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him.

Be

## SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, CONJURATI.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

TURBO jam tandem gravis
Oritur, amici. Veſter huc tendat labor,
Nec ponat animis detumentibus priùs,
Quàm totus effuſo impetu in caput irruat
Catonis. Ego vultum interea amicum induens
Tanquam fidelis lateri adhærebo comes,
Ut quicquid accidat, integra meorum ſalus
Commilitonum maneat.

[*Exit.*

*CONJ. PRIMUS.*

In tuto ſumus.
Sempronio auſpice & duce, timendum nihil.
Sempronius par eſt Catoni. Audin, ſubit.
Fortiter eundem eſt. Denſi in inviſum caput

Geminentur

Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt.
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt.

*ALL THE LEADERS.*

Fear nothing, Sempronius is our friend.

Geminentur ictus, vincula afflictum ſolo
Ligent; dies hic ponet ærumnis modum.

*OMNES.*

Sempronio auſpice & duce, timendum nihil.

SCENA

## SCENE IV.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, and MARCUS.

*CATO.*

WHERE are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

*CATO.*

Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces.

Fir'd

## SCENA QUARTA.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, MARCUS, &c.

*CATO.*

UBI proditores, acre mavortis genus,
Ignobili adeò terga qui vertunt fugæ,
Et tam virili pectore iaceſſunt ducem?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Styx malè paventes voret! Ut attoniti ſtupent!
[*Seorſim.*

*CATO.*

Sic parta bello decora, ſic Romam probro
Tanto allinetis, perfidum, ignavum genus?
Num vos honoris ulla, nam quis ſit pudor
Verum fateri? num ulla vos laudis ſitis,
Amórve libertatis hâc mecum tenus

In

Fir'd with ſuch motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow Cæſar's banners.
Why did I 'ſcape th' envenom'd aſpic's rage,
And all the fiery monſters of the deſert,
To ſee this day? Why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my boſom naked to your ſwords,
And let the man, that's injured, ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects, that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than *Cato*?
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

*SEMPRONIUS.*

By heav'ns they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! All is loſt!
[*Aſide.*

*CATO.*

Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,

Its

In arma traxit? Nonne vos auri fames,
Provinciarum ſpolia, captarum urbium
Convecta præda martis in opus impulit?
Quin ite, ſtudiis hiſce flammatos decet
Linquere Catonem & ſigna Cæſarea ſequi.
Cur belluoſæ monſtra vitavi Africæ?
Cur tot periclis, cur tot ereptus malis
Ad hoc reſervor? An ut ſcelere veſtro cadam,
Commilitones? Licuit at cur non priùs
Scelere alieno [illegible] Sin fixum eſt, viri,
Haurite ferro pectora: in vulnus patent.
Et, ſi quis à me ſe laceſſitum putet,
Prior ille feriat.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Per Jovem, exanimes tremunt!
Perière cuncta: vile ſucorum genus!

[*Seorſim.*

*CATO.*

Num tot laborum, quos per immenſos maris
Terræque tractus veſtra me feſſum ſalus

Impulit

Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt to try th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt, that thirſted?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?

Did

Impulit adire, pectora oblivio tenet?
En Lybia, rapidi solis exusta ignibus
Nimiùm propinquis, testis ante oculos patet;
Testes arenæ vasto & inculto solo
Latè jacentes, montium abruptæ minæ,
Putríque passim omnis venenorum lue
Infecta regio testis est recens meis
Calcata plantis. Quis, ubi per loca invia
Cæcósque calles iter erat tentandum, ubi
Gressum inter omnem dubia nutabat salus,
Quis lubricam, inquam, primus invasit viam?
Aut cùm labore æstúque confecti aridam
Extingueretis amne fortuito sitim,
Crebríque decrescentis alvei haustibus
Raperetis undas, ecquis è tanto virûm
Numero sitivit ultimus?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Si aspera juga
Inter et arenas devio cursu latex,

Siticulosæ

Did he not lead you through the mid-day ſun,
And clouds of duſt? Did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?

*CATO.*

Hence, worthleſs men! Hence, and complain to Cæſar,
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips, that your leader bore.

*LUCIUS.*

See, *Cato*, ſee th' unhappy men! They weep!
Fear,

Siticulosæ dulce solamen viæ,
Scaturiebat, miles optatos ubi
Certatim in haustus caderet, atque avidus cavis
Palmísque galeísque ima siccaret vada,
Patiens ut hic ille Cato dux vester stetit,
Plenâque lympham cassíde bibendam arido
Rejecit ore! Nonne vobiscum comes
Subter flagrantes solis æstivi faces,
Flatibus eisdem torridi incaluit noti?
Cur æstuosum pulverem & campum tulit,
Nisi ut labore vestra libertas suo
Firmata staret? Cedite, ingratum pecus.

*CATO.*

Ignava bello turba, mavortis probrum,
Ite & querelas Cæsari hinc ferte ociùs,
Laborioso nempe vos bello impares
Non posse jam ferre mala, quæ Cato tulit.

*LUCIUS.*

En ut per ora conscius inerrat pudor!

En

Fear, and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

*CATO.*

Learn to be honeſt men, give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*Cato*, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the ſun.

*LUCIUS.*

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

En lachrymæ, quas ſceleris excuſſit dolor,
Veniam repoſcunt.

*CATO.*

Colere juſtitiam dehinc
Diſcite, facinoris prodite rebelles duces,
Ultróque facilem cæteris veniam damus.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Plectenda curæ trade mancipia meæ.
Luxata primùm membra rumpantur rotâ,
Suſpenſi ad auſtros deinde putreſcant trabe,
Sociis daturi triſte documentum ſuis.

*LUCIUS.*

Cur tam ſeverus fata miſerorum gravas?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

How! Wouldſt thou clear rebellion?
Lucius, good man, pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood.

*CATO.*

Forbear, Sempronius! See they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember, they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degen'rate age requires
Severity, and juſtice in its rigour.
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' up-lifted thunder-bolt aſide.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*Cato*, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Quid? Perduelles crimine abſolvi? Vicem
Sicariorum quippe vir bonus dolet,
Queis tingere manus ſanguine Catonis lubet.

*CATO.*

Sævire nimiùm nec placet, nec nos decet.
Pœna irrogetur. Dum tamen pœnam irrogas,
Humanitatis eſto, Semproni, memor,
Ne fata graviora ſubeant, quàm lex finit.
Scelerata, Luci, tempora hæc ſummam exigunt
Severitatem. Hic ille juſtitiæ rigor
Reprimit ſuperbos, impios terret metu,
Frangit rebelles, legibus vim addit novam.
Vindicta quando debita nocentes premit,
Supplicia ſuperi luminibus æquis vident,
Promptáque reductâ fulmina reponunt manu.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Imperia lætus exequar.

*CATO.*

Mean-while we'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood.
O let it never periſh in your hands,
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

[*Exeunt* Cato, *&c.*

SCENE

*CATO.*

Nos interim
Thure precibúſque in vota poſcemus deos.
Queis legibus, quibuſve fundatum artibus
Studiiſque quondam hoc fuerit imperii decus,
Eſtote memores. Inclytum hunc rerum ordinem,
Tanto labore conditum, ô nunquam, precor,
Sinite perire veſtrum in opprobrium, viri.
Verùm quod accepiſtis annoſo patrum
Tranſmiſſum ab ævo poſteris veſtris quoque
Tradite fruendum. Audite, Cœlicolæ, hanc precem.
Adeòque tu nos, magna Libertas, tui
Accende amore; munere beatos tuo
Exigere liceat liberis vitæ dies,
Vel te tuendo fortiter in acie mori.

[*Exeunt* Cato, *&c.*

## SCENE V.

SEMPRONIUS, with the LEADERS of the MUTINY.

*FIRST LEADER.*

SEMPRONIUS, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought, you had been half in earneſt.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Villain, ſtand off. Baſe, grov'ling, worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

*SECOND LEADER.*

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius.
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by. But if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.

Here,

## SCENA QUINTA.

SEMPRONIUS, Conjurati.

*CONJ. PRIMUS.*

SEMPRONI, es idem ſemper & ſimilis tui.
Te ſeriò equidem penè credebam loqui.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Scelus, hinc faceſſe : vile, deſpectum caput,
Servile pecus, imbelle fucorum genus !

*CONJ. SECUNDUS.*

Simulare plura deſine : haud ultrà his jocis
Eſt opus ; amicos, quotquot hîc adſtant, vides.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Quin ſic, ſceleſti, accipite ; ubi iſtius modi
Mancipia motæ conſcias addunt manus
Rebellioni, ſi auſa ſucceſſus habent,
Sine præmio, ſine honore neglecti jacent.

Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.

[*Enter Guards.*

*FIRST LEADER.*

Nay, ſince it comes to this ....

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Diſpatch 'em quick; but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

[*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.*

Sin cœpta cedant irrita, nocentes manent
Supplicia certa, miſerrimum lethi genus.
Adeſto, miles: ad necem hæc monſtra ociùs
Abripito.

[*Intrant Satellites.*

*CONſ. PRIMUS.*

Quando res eò deducitur ....

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Mandata, lictor, protinus faceſſito.
Sed forcipe priùs prendito linguas reis
Atque reſecato, ne agmina inter conſcia
Novos tumultus voce moribundâ excitent.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

OUR firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

By *Cato*'s ſtern rebuke diſarm'd at once,
The daſtards ſtood amazed and terrified.

*SYPHAX.*

Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; their Numidian ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcour the deſert.
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll

## SCENA SEXTA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*SYPHAX.*

PRIMA ergo, amice, cœpta cecidêre irrita.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Subitâ Catonis voce & aſpectu, ſui
Oblita turba mente perculſâ ſtetit
Attonita, inermis.

*SYPHAX.*

At novas artes adhuc,
Nova meditor conſilia. Frænatis mihi
In equis relucet, quidlibet prompta aggredi
Numidica pubes. Reſonat hinnitu procul
Pulſatus æther; ungula impatiens moræ
Impreſſa perdit mille veſtigia ſolo,
Corripere dum campum ardet. Age porrò fugæ

We'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that wou'd oppoſe our paſſage.
A day will bring us into Cæſar's camp.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Thus, Syphax, ſhould I fail of half my purpoſe.
I'm unreveng'd, if *Cato*'s left behind.
Think not Sempronius can be baffled thus
In his ambition or purſuit of greatneſs.
Syphax, 'tis fixt. I long to bind in chains
That haughty man, and bear him off to Cæſar.

*SYPHAX.*

Well ſaid! That's ſpoken like thyſelf, Sempronius.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

But how to gain admiſſion? For acceſs
Is given to none but Juba and the brothers.

*SYPHAX.*

Tu ductor esto, quáque stationes obit
Marcus, ruemus urbe. Pugnando viam
Facilem per obvia quæque sternemus manu.
In Cæsaris castra feret hodiernus dies.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Suadésne trepidam moliar inultus fugam?
Fallere, Syphax, Sempronium si sic putas
Absistere ausis velle. Vis ingens rapit,
Odium perenne, immensus irarum dolor.
Cùm perpetrari facinus alienâ nequit,
Manu hâc superbum stringere catenis virum,
Ad Cæsarémque trahere vindicta impotens,
Et mens repulsæ sordidæ impatiens jubet.

*SYPHAX.*

Virtute tantâ macte. Semproni, inclytum
Meditaris herclè facinus & dignum tui.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Ecquâ arte rumpemus aditum? Præter Jubam
Geminósque fratres nemini ingressus patet.

*SYPHAX.*

*SYPHAX.*

Thou ſhalt have Juba's dreſs, and Juba's guards.
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves, that watch them.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Heav'ns, what a thought is there! The day's our own.
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold him ſtruggling in his chains,
With ſhame and grief alternately oppreſt,
His heart high ſwol'n, and lab'ring in his breaſt!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

*SYPHAX.*

Oſtro rubenti, quâ ſolet Juba indui,
Chlamyde indueris ; regiâ incedes caput
Cidari revinctus : Numidicus cinget latus
Satelles. Illicò mancipia pandent fores,
Ubi adeſſe regius videbitur puer.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Benè eſt, beamur. Fata jam vindex manu
Teneo Catonis. Quanta mihi paſcent ſinum
Gaudia tumentem, ubi turbidus & irâ & probro
Se cernet ille vinculis captum meis
Excutere fruſtrà velle victoris jugum !

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

ACTUS

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, dreſſed like JUBA, with Numidian Guards.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

THE deer is lodg'd, I have track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let neither fear, or threats have force to move you.
..... But hark, what noiſe! Death to my hopes!
'Tis he,
'Tis Juba's ſelf! There is but one way left.
He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut
Thro' thoſe his guards. Hah, daſtards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n ....

SCENE

# ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, veſte Numidica indutus, duo milites.

*SEMPRONIUS.*

SATELLITES adeſte. Diſpoſitis fera
Laqueis tenetur. Sede quâ lateat, vigil
Oculis notavi. Signa cùm dedero, ſimul
Irruite, rapite, avehite prædam. Nec minæ
Nec torvitas ſupercilî injiciant metus.
Ingente cœpto digna vos merces manet.
Quid hoc? Propinquos audio pulſus pedum.
Dii, fallite omen! Corda ſpe dubiâ micant.
Ipſe eſt: Juba ipſe gradum admovet. Rerum hoc ſtatu
Conſulere non eſt integrum. Hâc dextrâ cadet:
Rumpenda ferro deinde per medios via.
Audete fortes. Quid, pigro an tremitis metu?
Animos reſumite, vel per aſtrorum faces....

SCENA

## SCENE II.

JUBA, SEMPRONIUS.

*JUBA.*

WHAT do I ſee? Who's this, that dares uſurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

One, that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth.

*JUBA.*

What can this mean? Sempronius!

*SEMPRONIUS.*

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

*JUBA.*

Nay, then beware thy one, proud barbarous man.

[*Semp. falls. His guards ſurrender.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

JUBA, SEMPRONIUS.

*JUBA.*

QUIS ille tam audax, tam insolens satellite
Cinctus Numidico insignia usurpat mea?

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Vane Afer, animúmque patrio elatum gerens
Fastu, haud ita effugies.

*JUBA.*

Quid hoc? Sempronius!

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Hinc fuge, saluti si esse cònsultum velis.

*JUBA.*

Quid? me-ne fugere? Asserere famam, cùm tibi
Ita libet insanire, stat potiùs manu.

[*Educuntur utrinque gladii, pugnatur, cadit Semp.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Curſe on my ſtars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, diſfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs? . . . . . .
Gods, I'm diſtracted! This my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and heav'n, and *Cato* tremble!

[*Dies.*

*JUBA.*

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

*SEMPRONIUS.*

Horror Acherontius aſtra confundat ſtyge.
Sic-ne puerili deſtinor victus manu
Effundere animam? Barbaro tectus quoque
Humeros amictu? Struere quis furor impulit
Vincula Catoni? Rumpite infernas domos
Stygiæ ſorores, nocteque immerſum infimâ
Caput hoc averno condite æternùm ſpecu.
Sic pudet ad umbras ire. Convulſo ruat
Ab axe fulmen, quo penitus æther, mare
Et terra, quo *Cato* ipſe perculſus tremat.

[*Moritur.*

*JUBA.*

Quanto ſub umbras impetu indignans viri
Prorupit animus, membráque etiamnum ſolo
Liquit trementia! Miles, hos age ſiſtito
Servos Catoni, ſceleris ut quicquid latet
Dehinc pateſcat, conſilî & cauſa & modus.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA

## SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

*PORCIUS.*

SURE 'twas the clash of swords. My troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
See, see! here's blood! O see! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! Heav'ns preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! A diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth, that e'er deserv'd
A Roman's care, Juba lies dead before me!
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood.*
O he was all made up of charms and virtue,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire.

* This verse is taken from act III. scene II.

Delight

## SCENA TERTIA.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

*PORCIUS.*

QUIS pepulit aures enſium flictu ſonus
Neſcio quis artus turbat inſolitus pavor,
Gravibúſque curis anxium pulſat ſinum.
Quis ille pronus corpore exangui jacet?
Ah! Numidam amictus indicat. Gelidus coit
Sanguis per artus. Principi timeo. Latent
Ora involuta veſte. Proh ſuperi! quid hoc?
En regia chlamys, regium en frontis decus!
O ſcelus! ô horror! nullus eſt dubio locus.
Eſt ipſe Juba. Juba principum ſplendor, decus
Juvenum, voluptas noſtra, deliciæ & amor,
Juba indecoro vulnere ante oculos jacet.
Crudelia nimis fata, crudeles deos!
Jacet cruore membra concreto rigens,
Cujus ubi vultus enituit, ibat dies

Gratior,

Delight of ev'ry eye! When he appear'd,
A ſecret pleaſure gladen'd all, that ſaw him.
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt Roman bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.
Why do I think on what he was? He's dead!
He's dead, and never knew, how much I lov'd him.

*JUBA.*

[*Ruſhing haſtily in.*

See, Porcius, ſee,
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
Thy dear embrace, and to return it too.

*PORCIUS.*

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported.
Sure 'tis a dream! Dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

*JUBA.*

Gratior, & orbis luce ſplendebat novâ.
Heu vana ſpes mortalium! Ut Stygius color
Infecit artus! Capitis ambroſii decor
Cecidit, nigranti vividum oculorum jubar
Nox texit umbrâ: frigore æterno algida
Silet illa lingua, cujus eloquium *Cato*
Sæpe ipſe ſtupuit. Sed quid ego fruſtrà pio
Dolore fluxas repeto virtutes Jubæ?
Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus fuit,
Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus perit.

*JUBA.*

[*Derepentè in theatrum erumpens.*

Deſine queri: coram ecce quem deſles, adeſt.
Et incolumis & vivus en adeſt Juba,
Accipere amicum lætus amplexum & dare.

*Inter ſe complectuntur.*

*PORCIUS.*

Superi! Quid hoc eſt? Vivis? An fallax ſubit
Imago? Si vivit Juba, quis ibi jacet?

*JUBA.*

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like Juba on a curs'd deſign.

*PORCIUS.*

My joy, by beſt beloved, and only wiſh.
This, this is life, indeed! Life worth preſerving.

*JUBA.*

How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!
I'm loſt in ecſtaſy! O my dear Porcius!

*PORCIUS.*

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf, how much I lov'd thee.

*JUBA.*

O fortunate miſtake! O happy Juba!
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.

*PORCIUS.*

*JUBA.*

Scelerum magiſter, regio aſſumpto Jubam
Mentitus habitu, dum impia oppreſſo parat
Vincula Catoni, audaciæ pœnas luit.

*PORCIUS.*

Benè eſt, revixi. O dulce dimidium mei,
Ut voce, ut ore, ut me tuo aſpectu beas!

*JUBA.*

Dilecte Porci, ut tua mihi placet fides!
Vix credidiſſem ſacrum adeò tecum mihi
Interfuiſſe vinclum amicitiæ, niſi
Luctûs fuiſſem teſtis oculatus tui.

*PORCIUS.*

Neque ipſe nôram, quàm penitus animo, Juba,
Meo inſideres, antequam afflixit tuæ
Me mortis error.

*JUBA.*

Error is felix fuit.
Fortuna ludum ludere levem pertinax
Jam vetera verſâ damna compenſat vice.

*PORCIUS.*

Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Marcus' life
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
Stand ſure? O Juba, I am warm'd; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.*
[*Exeunt.*

* Almoſt all this ſcene, changing the names and ſome few things, is in ſcene III. act IV. The three laſt verſes are ſpoken by Porcius in ſcene III. act III. with this alteration, Marcus' life, inſtead of Cato's life.

SCENE

*PORCIUS.*

Nos hinc ad arma buccinæ clangor vocat.

[*Tuba canit.*

Nimis eſt morarum : fortè jam Marco imminet
Inimicus enſis. Roma, libertas, ſalus
Nos vocat ad arma. O ſacra Libertas, manu
Hâc te tueri liceat ! Adverſo æthere
Sin iſta voveo, fortiter in armis mori.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

LUCIUS, CATO.

*LUCIUS.*

I STAND aſtoniſhed! What, the bold Sempronius,
That ſtill broke foremoſt thro' the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to madneſs!

*CATO.*

Truſt me, Lucius,
Our civil diſcords have produced ſuch crimes,
Such monſtrous crimes, I am ſurpris'd at nothing.
Oh Lucius, I am ſick of this bad world!
The day-light and the ſun grow painful to me.

*ENTER A MESSENGER.**

But ſee, where Balbus comes! What means this haſte?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

* Porcius being a principal perſon in the drama, the tranſlator thought it more becoming the dignity of the ſtage to introduce Balbus as a meſſenger, than let Porcius bring and carry meſſages.

*MESSENGER.*

## SCENA QUARTA.

LUCIUS, CATO.

*LUCIUS.*

ATTONITUS hæreo. Quid? Hoc Sempronius?
Hoc acer ille patriæ assertor suæ?
Huc omnis ille in Cæsarem effluxit furor?

*CATO.*

Haud miror equidem. Sceleris est adeò nihil,
Quod civium armis nostra non ætas tulit.
O Luci, acerbis animus ægrescit malis.
Mihi vita gravis est, lucis æthereæ piget.

*INTRAT NUNCIUS.*

Quid, Balbe, trepidas? Summa quo res est loco?

*MESSENGER.*

My heart is griev'd.
I bring ſuch news, as will afflict thee, *Cato*.

*CATO.*

Has Cæſar ſhed more Roman blood?

*MESSENGER.*

Not ſo.
The traitor Syphax, as within the ſquare
He exerciſed his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horſe
To the ſouth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
Juba ſaw, and call'd, but in vain, to ſtop him.
He toſs'd his arm aloft, and proudly anſwer'd,
He would not ſtay and periſh like Sempronius.

*BALBUS.*

Ne nuncio aures, vereor, afflictas, *Cato*,
Graviore vulnerem.

*CATO.*

Eloquere : num plus adhuc
Cæsar Latini sanguinis fudit ?

*BALBUS.*

Novum
Majúsque, si quod est, malum ingruit. Syphax
Veteranus ille prædo, ubi Numidas suos
Medio ordinârat ludicra exercens foro
Simulacra belli, protinus signo dato,
Cum equitibus abiit transfuga, quà ad austros patet
Commissa Marco porta. Juba fortè obvius
Vidit abeuntem, & nomine inclamans virum
Revocare frustrà voluit. Ille altè vibrat
Jactatum in auras brachium, atque atrox refert
Sempronianò nolle se fato mori.

*CATO.*

Perfidious men! But Balbus haſte, and ſee
That my ſon Marcus acts a Roman's part.
[*Exit meſſenger.*
Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me.
Juſtice gives way to force. The conquer'd world
Is Cæſar's. *Cato* has no buſineſs in it.

*LUCIUS.*

While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her *Cato*'s preſence.
In pity to mankind, ſubmit to Cæſar,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

*CATO.*

Would Lucius have me live to ſwell the number
Of Cæſar's ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of Rome, and own a tyrant?

*LUCIUS.*

The victor never will impoſe on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are Cæſar's.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

Perfida propago! Sed age tu, Balbe, advola,
Patriæque in armis gloriæ natos mone.

[*Exit nuncius.*

Luci, malorum immenſa me moles premit.
Vi victa cedit juſtitia, regnat nefas.
Orbis ſubactus Cæſari ſervit. Nihil
Opus eſt Catone.

*LUCIUS.*

Quamdiu & fraus & ſcelus,
Et amor habendi regnat, erit opus ſuo
Orbi Catone. Potiùs, ô potiùs diu
Vive, neque pigeat Cæſaris dono frui.

*CATO.*

Quid? Mè-ne vivere patriæ oblitum meæ?
Vivere tyranni vile mancipium jubes?

*LUCIUS.*

Victor Catonem triſte nil coget pati.
Eſt comis, eſt humana Cæſaris indoles.

*CATO.*

Curſe on his virtues: they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon.

CENE

*CATO.*

Humana proh viri indoles! Iſtud nimis
Populare ſtudium patriæ exitio fuit.

SCENA

## SCENE V.

CATO, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

*PORCIUS.*

MISFORTUNE on misfortune! Grief on grief!
My brother Marcus ....

*CATO.*

Hah, what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

*PORCIUS.*

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
'Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes he greatly fell.

*CATO.*

## SCENA QUINTA.

CATO, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

*PORCIUS.*

INAUSPICATA filii ô fruſtrà pater
Virtute felix, majus ex alio aliud
Malum ingraveſcit, alius exurgit dolor.
Heu Marcus ....

*CATO.*

Ecquid egit? An ceſſit loco?
An fraudulento impunè permiſit duci
Abire?

*PORCIUS.*

Cinctus fidâ amicorum manu
Totum ingruentis impetum belli tulit,
Par unus omnibus. Animo obnixus diu
Stetit obſtinato, donec excuſſo obrutus
Imbre jaculorum nobili letho occidit.

*CATO.*

I'm ſatisfy'd.

*PORCIUS.*

Nor did he fall before*
His ſword had pierc'd thro' the falſe heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

*CATO.*

Thanks to the gods! My boy has done his duty.
Porcius, when I am dead, be ſure thou place
His urn near mine.

* The tranſlator, with a view to ſet off Porcius's character with greater luſtre, gives him the honour of revenging his brother Marcus's death by killing Syphax. This notice will ſuffice for the reader, who might otherwiſe be ſurpriſed at the diſagreement between the Verſion and the Original, which it was thought needleſs to change.

*PORCIUS.*

*CATO.*

Nil plura quæro.

*PORCIUS.*

Tum mihi animo ardent faces,
Tum furor & ira perfidum ulciſci ſcelus,
Pœnáſque fratre ſumere perempto ſubit.
Per media præceps agmina Syphacem peto,
Uno in Syphace laboro, fulmineum rotans
Hinc inde ferrum, donec adverſo in ſinu
Numidæ furentis condidi. Labentem equo
Frendere mediâ in morte conſpexi virum,
Et dente pronum mandere cruento ſolum.

*CATO.*

Grates tonanti atque reliquis ſuperis ago.
Meus eſt utérque functus officio puer.
Sibi morte nomen peperit æternum ſuâ
Marcus. Ubi ſummam parca fatalem mihi,
Porci, replerit, illius juxta meam,
Vide, locetur urna.

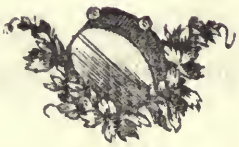
*PORCIUS.*

*PORCIUS.*

Long may they keep aſunder!

*PORCIUS.*

Ab alterâ altera
Divisa longùm maneat.



SCENE

## SCENE VI.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

*LUCIUS.*

BUT see young Juba! The good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

*PORCIUS.*

Alas, poor prince, his fate deserves compassion.

*JUBA.*

I blush and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

*CATO.*

What's thy crime?

*JUBA.*

I'm a Numidian.

*CATO.*

## SCENA SEXTA.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

*LUCIUS.*

EN vultum probro
Triſtem à ſuorum ſcelere ſuffuſus ſubit
Juba.

*PORCIUS.*

Meruit profectò fortunâ frui
Meliore.

*JUBA.*

Mihi pudor ora, te viſo, *Cato*,
Rubore tingit.

*CATO.*

Ecquod admiſſum nefas?

*JUBA.*

Sum Numida.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

And a brave one too.

Thou haſt a Roman ſoul.

*JUBA.*

Haſt thou not heard

Of my falſe countrymen?

*CATO.*

Alas, young prince,

Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in ev'ry ſoil,

The product of all climes. Rome has its Cæſars.

*JUBA.*

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſs'd.

*CATO.*

'Tis juſt to give applauſe, where 'tis deſerv'd.

Thy virtue, prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,

Like pureſt gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

*JUBA.*

*CATO.*

Et illuſtris quoque. Eſt animus tibi Romanus.

*JUBA.*

An Syphacis tibi notum ſcelus?

*CATO.*

Mala fraus ubique & ſcelera naſcuntur, Juba.
Hæc omnis ætas, omnis hæc regio tulit
Quin ipſa Roma Cæſares habet ſuos.

*JUBA.*

Eſt indolis generoſæ ita afflicto dare Solamen.

*CATO.*

Ubi meretur, eſt æquum dare
Virtuti honorem. Dura te exercet nimis
Fortuna, Juba. Tua clarior virtus tamen
Nitet, & ab ipſis major elucet malis.
Fornace tortum ſic ab ardenti evenit
Auri metallum, decore ſplendeſcens novo.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

What ſhall I anſwer thee? My raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy. I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O *Cato*, than Numidia's empire.*

*LUCIUS.*

Now, *Cato*, arm thy ſoul with all its patience.
See, where the corpſe of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators alarm'd
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

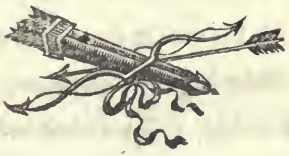
* *The verſes from* But ſee young Juba, *&c. as far as* Numidia's empire, *are taken from ſcene IV. act IV.*

*JUBA.*

His quid reponam? Tacitus exundat sinus
Fervétque gaudio. Tuas malim, *Cato*,
Laudes mereri, quàm Africæ latè potens
Rex imperare.

*LUCIUS.*

Jam omne premuni, *Cato*,
Virtute pectus. Mortui en coràm tui
Nati cadaver, triste spectaclum subit.



## SCENE VII.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCUS' CORPSE, &c.

*CATO.*

WELCOME, my ſon! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd, if *Cato*'s houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
Porcius, behold thy brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

*JUBA.*

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCI CADAVER, &c.

*CATO.*

SALVETO, nate. ..... Hîc onus, amici, ponit
Numerare coram vulnera illuſtria juvat,
Corpúſque cernere ſanguine decoro illitum.
Quàm pulchra mors virtute parta, quàm placet!
Ille invidendâ eſt ſorte defunctus puer.
Heu quàm pigendum eſt, quòd ſemel tantùm licet
Impendere animam civium & patriæ bono!
Quis ora, amici, mœſta contriſtat dolor?
Meritò puderet, ſi inter & buſta & faces
Patriæ, Catonis ſtaret incolumis domus.
Porci, ecce fratrem. Illius ab exemplo tuam
Memento vitam, Roma cùm poſcit, tibi
Non eſſe propriam.

*JUBA.*

Was ever man like this?

[*Aside.*

*CATO.*

Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

*JUBA.*

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

[*Aside.*

*JUBA.*

Quem virum unquam orbis tulit
Similem Catoni, heroa quem vidit parem?

[*Seorſim.*

*CATO.*

Heu, quianam, amici, lachrymis oculi madent?
Privata lachrymis damna deflentur malè,
Quas Roma poſcit. Roma terrarum decus,
Roma dominatrix orbis, imperii caput,
Superûm voluptas, inclyta heroum parens,
Quæ humili tyrannos mundi adæquavit ſolo,
Gentéſque victrix barbaro exemit jugo,
Heu! Roma fuit. Heu chara libertas fuit!
Heu priſca virtus, patria heu fruſtrà meis
Defleta lachrymis!

*JUBA.*

Magna proh virtus viri!
En Roma lachrymas elicit, quas non ſui
Elicere potuit filii exanimis dolor.

[*Seorſim.*

*CATO.*

Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year are Cæſar's.
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd.
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into Cæſar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

*JUBA.*

While *Cato* lives, Cæſar will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlaved, and be aſham'd of empire.

*CATO.*

Cæſar aſham'd! Has he not ſeen Pharſalia!

*LUCIUS.*

*CATO.*

Romana quicquid ſubdidit virtus, polo
Sub utroque quicquid, quicquid oceanum ſupra
Infráque luſtrat lucidâ occiduus rotâ
Orienſve Titan, Cæſaris prenſat manus.
Sic Cæſari occidêre Fabii, ſic caput
Vovêre Decii, & utérque vicit Scipio.
Imò arma Cæſari ipſe Pompeius tulit.
O dolor, amici! Ut plurium annorum labor,
Fatorum opus, Romanum ut imperium occidit!
Dominante Cæſare, ô ſacra ambitio! occidit.
Quod ſubjugaret, nempe majores nihil
Niſi patriam liquêre.

*JUBA.*

Dum vivit *Cato*,
Mundum erubeſcet Cæſar opprimere jugo.

*CATO.*

Quid? Ut erubeſcat Cæſar? An non Theſſalas
Conſpexit acies.

*LUCIUS.*

*Cato*, 'tis time, thou ſave thyſelf and us.

*CATO.*

Loſe not a thought on me; I'm out of danger.
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts. A thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul. How ſhall I ſave my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæſar, I begin to fear thee.

*LUCIUS.*

Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

*CATO.*

Then aſk it, I conjure you! Let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,

That

*LUCIUS.*

Hora jam monet *Cato*,
Ut tibi & amicis consulas.

*CATO.*

Ne vos mei
Cura ulla tangat. Sum omne discrimen supra
Vicésque sortis. Cæsar haud unquam inquiet,
Vici Catonem. Vestra me movet salus.
Vos, vos, amici, reddere incolumes velim!
Hæc sola pectus cura sollicitum premit,
Quî vos, amici, reddere incolumes queam.
Cœpi hinc timere Cæsarem.

*LUCIUS.*

Facilis dabit
Veniam petenti.

*CATO.*

Petite quin ergo, precor,
Et Cæsar, in se quicquid est factum, sciat.
Me auctore factum. Adjicite, si porrò placet,

That I myſelf, with tears, requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain Numidia,
Or ſeek the conqueror?

*JUBA.*

If I forſake thee,
Whilſt I have life, may heav'n abandon Juba!

*CATO.*

Thy virtues, prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great. At Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.
Porcius, draw near! My ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engaged in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction. Now thou ſee'ſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs.
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own hands,

And

Me ſupplicis ritu petere, ne quid meos
Peccet in amicos. Juba, mihi pro te anxius
Laborat animus. Te-ne victoris ſequi
Hortabor arma ſupplicem, an avitum magis
Repetere regnum Numidiæ?

*JUBA.*

Si unquam, *Cato*,
Te deſeruero, deſerant ſuperi Jubam.

*CATO.*

Tua iſta, princeps, rara virtutum indoles
Tibi decus ingens, nomen & famam afferet.
Ni fallor, illuceſcet aliquando dies,
Quum juſta nullum Roma cenſebit nefas
Tenuiſſe cum Catone amicitiam & fidem.
Accede, Porci. Sæpè vidiſti tuum
Cum factione & ſcelere luctantem patrem:
Nunc ſpe labanti feſſum & exanimem vides.
O nate, ne te pudeat accipere patris
Conſilia. Dum potes, eripe periclis caput,

And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome.
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

*PORCIUS.*

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Porcius, that he ſcorns himſelf.

*CATO.*

Farewel, my friends! If there be any of you,
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know there are ſhips prepar'd by my command,
Their ſails already op'ning to the winds,
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,

Where

Et agrum Sabinum, rura majorum, pete,
Ubi magnus olim Cenſor, atque omnes avi
Exigua manibus arva ſubigebant ſuis,
Virtute mundâ & inope felices lare.
Ibi dulcia inter rura ſecretus tuâ
Virtute te involve, patriæ optatam bonus
Pacem precare. Ubi impii imperium obtinent,
Totóque graſſatum orbe dominatur ſcelus,
Privata meliùs inter obſcuros lares
Sedes honori eſt.

*PORCIUS.*

Num ergo crediderit pater
Me velle vitâ, quam ipſe faſtidit, frui?

*CATO.*

Valete, amici. Si quibus tutum minùs
Videtur expectare victoris fidem,
Scitote in ipſo ſtare jam portu rates
A me paratas. Paſſa vela auſtros vocant,
In quas velitis cunque deduci plagas.

Quid

Where Cæſar never ſhall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead ſon.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' ſtill, by faction, vice, and fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

Quid reſtat ultrà, quo *Cato* vobis queat
Prodeſſe, amici? Victor huc properè advolat.
Iterum valete. Veſtra ſi poſthac mihi
Videre detur ora, meliori in ſolo
Feliciore ſub axe dabitur, ubi metus
Nullos creabit Cæſar. Ibi fortis puer,
Qui lætus animam patriæ impendit ſuæ,
Lauro perenni tempora revinctus ſciet
Se ſplendidè viciſſe. Ibi heroum genus,
Pro civibus amicíſque non timidum mori,
Virtute digna præmia accipiet ſuâ.

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.

### CATO Solus.

*Sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us.
'Tis heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!

Through

# ACTUS QUINTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

CATO Solus.

*Sedet meditanti similis, præ manibus habet librum Platonis de Immortalitate Animæ. In mensâ conspicitur ensis vaginâ vacuus.*

SIC esse constat. Tu quidem rectè, Plato.
Hæc nempe quorsum blanda spes menti insidet,
Hæc avida desideria & exardens amor
Æternitatis? Hic unde secretus timor
Horrórque mortis? Quid animus subitô pavet,
Refugítque trepidus, dum olim in antiquum nihil
Metuit relabi? Numen est, quod nos movet.
Divina Mens intus agit. Est Deus, Deus,
Totos per artus fusus, ipsi animo indicans
Æternitatem. Æternitas!—Æternitas!

O dulcis,

Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This muſt end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me, I ſhall never die.

The

O dulcis!—ô tremenda! quàm terres—places!
Per quot meatus, quot per ancipites vias
Novásque formas rerum inexpertum rapis?
Longè intuenti tractus ille oculis patet
Immensus, ingens. Atra sed nox incubat,
Spissæque nubes lumen ambiguum premunt.
Hîc ergo sistam. Si Deus mundum regit,
At regere pulcher ordo naturæ docet,
Virtute delectatur: & quicquid Deum
Delectat, esse non nequit bonum. Ast ubi,
Quando fruendum? Totus hic, quantus patet,
Succumbit orbis Cæsari. Dubiis labat
Mens fessa curis. Terminum ponet chalybs.
[*Ensi manum admovet.*
Mors atque vita sic mihi est posita in manu.
Ad utramlibet paratus utramque intuor.
Hic vitam adactâ morte momento rapit,
[*Primo ensem,*
Mihi sempiternos ille promittit dies.
[*deinde librum indicat.*

Animus

The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies it point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years.
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs, that hangs upon me?
This lethargy, that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt. *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to ſleep or die.

SCENE

Animus ſuæ immortalitatis conſcius
Mucronis aciem ridet & temnit minas.
Tenues vetuſtas ſiderum extinguet faces,
Ætate ſol ipſe gravis imminuet diem,
Natura tota denique annoſam induet
Ultima ſenectam. At animus æternâ nitens
Vivet juventâ. Vivet, & diſcors ubi
Elementa bellum fœdere abrupto gerent,
Et fracta mundi machina ſupremùm gemet,
Illæſus, integer, capite ſe alto efferet
Inter ruinas orbiúmque fragmina.
Sed ecquis artus languor irrepens gravat?
Natura curis laſſa ſuccumbit ſuis,
Requiémque poſcit. Æqua poſcenti obſequar.
Cedam ſopori, quò magis animus vigil
Inde renovato robore & vitâ integrâ
Sublime carpat iter ad æthereas domos,
Diis digna ſuperis victima. Aut timor aut ſcelus
Aliis quietem rumpat: ignorat *Cato*
Utrumque, mortem placidus an ſomnum eligat.

SCENA

## SCENE II.

CATO, PORCIUS.

*CATO.*

BUT hah! how's this, my ſon? Why this intruſion
Were not my orders, that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

*PORCIUS.*

Alas, my father,
What means this ſword, this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

*CATO.*

Raſh youth, forbear.

*PORCIUS.*

O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger wreſt it from you.

*CATO:*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

CATO, PORCIUS.

*CATO.*

PORCI, quid hoc? Quorsum hæc, vel unde audacia?
Non imperâram, ne quis huc ferret pedem?
Cur nate, cur sic jussa violantur mea?

*PORCIUS.*

Dilecte genitor, iste quid gladius minax,
Strictus, neci paratus? O precor, fine,
Sine hinc removeam!

*CATO.*

Define imprudens puer.

*PORCIUS.*

Tibi hunc tuorum lachrymæ, & vota & preces,
Communéque periclum omnium è manibus, pater,
Extorqueant, oro.

*CATO.*

*CATO.*

Would'ſt thou betray me? Would'ſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into Cæſar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man! ....

*PORCIUS.*

Look not thus ſternly on me.
You know, I'd rather die, than diſobey you.

*CATO.*

'Tis well! Again I'm maſter of myſelf.
Now, Cæſar, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up ev'ry port:
*Cato* ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes.

*PORCIUS.*

*CATO.*

Quid? An hosti prodere?
An servituti, an Cæsari, an vinclis dare
Me vis inermum? Hinc illicò faceſſe, & patri
Obtemperare diſce, vel nôris, puer ...

*PORCIUS.*

Ah quid ita me torvùm aſpicis? Vultum, precor,
Exue minacem. Levius eſt mortem pati,
Quam patris iram. Nulla me cernet dies
Inobſequentem.

*CATO.*

Sanguinem agnoſco meum.
Jam denuò eſt mihi liberum arbitrium meæ
Vitæ necis-ve. Cinge jam, Cæſar, viris
Hanc undique urbem, milite frequenti exitus
Portúſque claude, & claſſibus totum tuis
Inſterne pontum, liberam *Cato* viam
Sibi ipſe aperiet, ſpéſque deludet tuas.

*PORCIUS.*

O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe grief hangs heavy on him? O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo? Be not diſpleaſed,
O be not angry with me, whilſt I weep,
And, in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul!

*CATO.*

Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my ſon; all will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour *Cato*, and preſerve his children.

*PORCIUS.*

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

*CATO.*

Porcius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.

But

*PORCIUS.*

O parce nato, genitor. Incumbens dolor
Gravis intus anxium ſinum opprimit. O pater,
Te nunc ſupremùm forſan appello patrem,
His parce lachrymis, neve ſuccenſe; & locus
Si quis datur adhuc precibus, hanc mentem exue.

*CATO.*

Bonus fuiſti ſemper & patri obſequens.
Abſterge lachrymas: cuncta reſtituet dies.
Quos demerere, nate, mihi ſemper meâ
Pietate ſtudui, Dii patrem & natos tegent.

*PORCIUS.*

Mihi pectus ægrum dicta ſolantur tua.

*CATO.*

Porci, timores mitte: ſe indignum *Cato*
Nil perpetrabit. Vade jam nate, & vide,
Nihil ut amicis deſit: aſcendant rates.

But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends. See them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them.
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep.

[*Exit.*

Si placida maria dent ſoluturis noti,
Mihi deinde refer. Exhauſta mens curis labat,
Brevíſque ſomni lene ſolamen petit.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

*PORCIUS.*

MY thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.
I feel a dawn of hope break in upon me.
My father will not caſt away a life,
So needful to us all, and to his country.

ENTER JUBA.

*JUBA.*

Where is your father, Porcius, where is *Cato?*

*PORCIUS.*

Juba, ſpeak low, he is retired to reſt.

*JUBA.*

## SCENA TERTIA.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

*PORCIUS.*

ANIMO parumper pulsus est tristi dolor,
Spésque orta rebus melior afflictis venit.
Auguria nisi vana capio, haud unquam manu
Suâ ipse vitæ tempora abrumpet pater,
Cujus adeò opus habet orbis, & Roma, et sui.

INTRAT JUBA.

*JUBA.*

Tuus ubi, Porci, genitor? Ubi *Cato?*

*PORCIUS.*

Cave,
Submissa leni verba referantur sono.
Somnum reclinis lectulo invitat levem.

*JUBA.*

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
*Cato* is ſtern, and awful as a God.

*PORCIUS.*

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodneſs, Juba, always mild,
Compaſſionate and gentle to his friends,
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father. I have ever found him
Eaſy, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Horrore quodam mens mihi ſacro tremit,
Quoties Catonem cogito. Tanquam Deus
Aliquis ab alto lapſus, auguſtus, gravis,
Rigidus, ſeverus, & tremendus eſt *Cato*.

*PORCIUS.*

Gravis & tremendus hoſtibus Romæ licèt,
Eſt bonus amicis, placidus & mitis ſuis.
Primis ab annis Porcio talis fuit,
Amans, benignus, facilis, indulgens pater.

*JUBA.*

Neque Porcio uni: pariter eſt ſemper ſinu
Jubam paterno, ut ſanguinem amplexus ſuum.
Hinc & viciſſim ego filii officio ut patrem
Et amore colui, magna virtutum ſequi
Veſtigia avidus.

*PORCIUS.*

Inde par decus enitet
Jubæ & Catonis.

*JUBA.*

'Tis his conſent alone can make me bleſs'd.
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,*
I might be bleſs'd. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?

*PORCIUS.*

He is retired to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatch'd me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Juba, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.

* Taken from act I. ſcene II. and ſpoken by Sempronius in the original.

SCENE

*JUBA.*

Ille me ſolus poteſt
Facere beatum. Fas mihi ô utinam foret
Socerum vocare! At ecqua turbato gerat
Conſilia tacitus pectore, incertum latet.

*PORCIUS.*

Conſilia pacis mollia videtur ſui
Securus agere. Sola amicorum ſalus
Facit inquietum. Hinc ire me ad portum jubet,
Ubi paſſa ventos carbaſa morantes vocant.
Ne quis reclinem turbet, interea vide.

## SCENE IV.

JUBA SOLUS.

O YE immortal Powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch and ſoften his repoſe.
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams: remember all his virtues,
And ſhew mankind, that goodneſs is your care.

## SCENA QUARTA.

JUBA Solus.

Dii ſoſpitales, quotquot humanum genus
Terráſque regitis, ſi qua reſpectant pios
Numina, Catonem cernite. Vigili torum
Cingite coronâ, & pellite inſomnes metus.
Placido ſopore victus abſiſtat dolor,
Levibúſque mentem ſomniis paſcat quies
Dulcis & amica. Meruit hoc virtus viri.
Hinc quotquot orbem vaſtum & immenſum incolunt,
Studiáque virtutéſque juſtorum ſciant
Diis eſſe curæ.

SCENA

## SCENE V.

LUCIUS, JUBA.

*LUCIUS.*

SWEET are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man.
O Juba, I have ſeen the godlike *Cato*.
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fall'n upon him.
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams. As I drew near his couch,
He ſmiled, and cry'd, Cæſar, thou can'ſt not hurt me.

*JUBA.*

## SCENA QUINTA.

LUCIUS, JUBA.

*LUCIUS.*

MEMBRA divinus *Cato*
Leni ſopore laxat. Ipſe alto toro
Vidi jacentem, proh virum qualem, Juba!
Diis vix minorem. Priſtino innixum ſuæ
Vigore mentis tela fortunæ ſupra
Aliquis potenti ſublevat manu Deus.
Toro ſupinum blanda dum mulcet quies,
Tranquillus animo varia, quæ finxit ſopor,
Simulacra rerum deviam mentem abſtrahunt,
Placidiſque ludunt ſomniis. Tacito pede
Propiùs ut acceſſi, ore ſubridens, levi
Voce inquiebat; jam mihi, Cæſar, nequis
Nocere: tutus arma tua temnit *Cato*.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.
My blood runs cold*; my frighted thoughts fly back,
And ſtartle into madneſs .....

*LUCIUS.*

Away! you're too ſuſpicious. All is ſafe†,
While *Cato* lives. His preſence will protect us.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpoſed, to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance, till he hears from *Cato*.

* Taken from act III. ſcene II. † Ibid. ſcene III.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Neſcio, quid animo turbidus cæco parat
Ingens, tremendum. Gelidus in venis cruor
Formidine coit, horror invadit ſinum.
Deliberata fortè mors tutum facit.

*LUCIUS.*

Nimios timores pone: qui vigilem ſolet,
Vel ſomniantem ſuſtinet animi vigor.

*JUBA.*

Novi Catonem. Vincula indocilis pati,
Nunquam probroſo colla ſubmittet jugo.
Jam quoque propinquus hoſtis infeſtis metum
Adauget armis.

*LUCIUS.*

Dum ſuis *Cato* intereſt,
Metus omnis abſit. Ipſe nos teget, hoſtibus
Vel nunc tremendus. Pronus ad veniam, moras
Innectit ultrò Cæſar, ut tandem *Cato*
Remittat animum, oblatam & accipiat fidem.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

No, no; the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower
We ken them from afar, the ſetting ſun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burning helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

*LUCIUS.*

Juba, 'tis time we ſhould awaken *Cato*.

*JUBA.*

Vana ominaris. Miſſus hoſtiles eques
Luſtrare numeros nunciat in urbem redux
Propè imminere Cæſarem. Ipſa ad mœnia
Brevis hora ſiſtet. Turre ab excelſâ, obvios
Quæ ſpectat auſtros, agmine inſtructo licet
Proſpicere turmas. Sol ut oceanum ſubit
Adverſa in arma lucidos ignes vibrat;
Galeæque clypeique ære rutilanti vomunt
Ferale fulgur, arváque accendunt novis
Radiata flammis.

*LUCIUS.*

Illicò è ſomnis *Cato*
Eſt excitandus. Commodùm à portu redux
En Porcius adeſt.

## SCENE VI.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS.

*JUBA.*

PORCIUS, thy looks ſpeak ſomething of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? Methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

*PORCIUS.*

As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From Pompey's ſon, who, through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouſes the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might Rome
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But

## SCENA SEXTA.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS.

*JUBA.*

FARE quid, Porci, refers.
Insolita in oculis signa lætitiæ micant.

*PORCIUS.*

Modò ut petebam concito portum gradu,
Missus ab Iberâ lembus advenit plagâ,
Pompeius ubi junior, magni patris
Juratus ultor, bella molitur nova,
Totâsque ad arma in Cæsarem gentes ciet.
His se ducem præbere si vellet *Cato*,
Populus Quirini denuò posset sua
Asserere jura, & lapsa libertas polo

Revisere

But hark! What means that groan?

[*A groan is heard.*

*LUCIUS.*

*Cato*, amidſt his ſlumbers thinks on Rome,
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul

[*Another groan.*

Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a ſecond groan ...
Heav'n guard us all.

[*Exit Lucius.*

*PORCIUS.*

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'Tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound. O! ſhould my father ...
I die away with horror at the thought.*

* Act IV. ſcene III.

Reviſere orbem numine erectum ſuo.

[*Auditur gemitus.*

Ah! ecquid audio? unde lamentabilis
Venit iſte gemitus?

*LUCIUS.*

Somno ut indulget *Cato*,
Alto repoſtam cogitat Romam ſinu;
Dúmque vagus animum turbidum ſopor rapit,
Lugubre fatum patriæ & caſum ingemit.

[*Alter gemitus.*

Ah rurſus ingemit! Malum, ô ſuperi, precor,
Avertite omen.

*Exit Lucius.*

*PORCIUS.*

Somnus haud tales ſolet
Ciere gemitus. Morte vox gravis ſonat:
Erit ille ſupremus animam efflantis labor.
Ah, Juba, timeo! Mihi corda lethalis pavor
Micantia haurit. Neſcio, quod ingens malum
Præſagit animus.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

O Porcius, hope and fear riſe up at once,†
And with variety of pain diſtract me.

RE-ENTER LUCIUS.

*LUCIUS.*

O ſight of woe! .....
What we fear'd, O Porcius, is come to paſs!
*Cato* is fall'n upon his ſword. I've raiſed him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale and faint
He gaſps for breath.

*JUBA.*

No more, no more, O Lucius!
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

*PORCIUS.*

O Juba, Juba,
Have I not cauſe to rave and beat my breaſt,
To rend my heart with grief, and run diſtracted? ‡

† Act III. ſcene I. ‡ Act IV. ſcene III.

*JUBA.*

*JUBA.*

Non minor me cura habet,
Dum ſpes metúſque hinc inde dubitantem rapit.

LUCIUS REDIT.

*LUCIUS.*

Crudele fatum! Verus heu nimiùm timor!
Mori obſtinatus incubuit enſi *Cato.*
Suo volutum ſanguine erexi ſolo.
Cathedrâ repoſtus, pallidus, languens trahit
Ægros anhelitus. Sinu ingens plaga hiat.

*JUBA.*

O parce, Luci, parce lachrymabili
Aures ferire nuncio. Mente liceat
Conjicere reliqua.

*PORCIUS.*

Luctus ô quantus meo
Incumbit animo.

*JUBA.*

Now, Porcius, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind:
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

*PORCIUS.*

O Juba, I'm distress'd, I stand astonish'd*
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive
In dreadful looks, a monument of wrath!

Now tell me, Juba, tell me from thy soul,†
If thou believest, 'tis possible for man
To suffer greater ills, than Porcius suffers?

*JUBA.*

O Porcius, Porcius! might my big swoll'n heart
Vent all its griefs and give a loose to sorrow,
Juba could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

* Act III. scene II. † Act IV. scene I.

*PORCIUS.*

*JUBA.*

Prome nunc omnem tui
Conſtantiam animi, & pectus obfirma malis.

*PORCIUS.*

Totus perhorreſco, velut inopino Jovis
Qui tactus igni palpitat, anhelat, pavet,
Vitæque penè neſcius vivit ſuæ.
Siccine mihi, pater optime, ereptus peris?
Siccine pericula inter & belli minas
Deſeris amicos? O mî Oreſtâ fide
Primis ab annis cognite, ô animo meo
Chariſſime Juba, fare, num tandem putas
Majora poſſe perpeti quenquam mala,
Quàm Porcius perpetitur?

*JUBA.*

O Porci, meum
Si cor dolori liberum frænum daret,
Juba tibi, Porci, paribus afflictus malis
Lachrymam rependet lachrymâ, gemitum pari
Gemitu rependet.

*PORCIUS.*

Hence let me fly into my father's preſence,*
And pay the laſt ſad duties.

*LUCIUS.*

His weeping ſervants,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.
Full of compaſſion, as his life flows from him,
He inſtantly demands to ſee his friends. †

* Act V. ſcene IV. † Act V. ſcene IV.

SCENE

*PORCIUS.*

Sinite, in obſequia patris
Ultima, priuſquam ſpiritum exhalet, ruam.

*LUCIUS.*

Vernæ obſequentes huc ferunt. Senſim fugit
Dum vita labris, ultimùm affari ſuos
Natum atque amicos voce moribundâ rogat.

## SCENE VII.

CATO brought in a chair, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, SENATORS, &c.

*PORCIUS.*

O HEAV'N, aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour!

*LUCIUS.*

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

*JUBA.*

Theſe are thy triumphs,
Thy exploits, O Cæſar!

*CATO.*

Here ſet me down.
Porcius, come near me. Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?

Whilſt

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO cathedrâ ſubvectus, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, SENATORES, &c.

*PORCIUS.*

DII, luctuoſâ Porcio hâc horâ, precor,
Succurrite, & benè ferre fortunam date.

*LUCIUS.*

Jam Roma ab alto culmine everſa occidit.

*JUBA.*

En, en facinora, ô Cæſar, eñ laurus tuæ,
Tui en triumphi!

*CATO.*

Me, viri, hîc deponite.
Accede, Porci. Vela num ventis mei
Dedêre amici? Num quid eſt adhuc ſuper,
Suos juvare quo ampliùs poſſit *Cato*.

Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
O Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good.
Let this our friendſhip live between our children.
Make Porcius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas, poor man, he weeps! Marcia, my daughter,
O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A ſenator of Rome, while Rome ſurvived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.
But Cæſar's arms have thrown down all diſtinction.
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.
I'm ſick to death. O when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow!
And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye Pow'rs, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,

If

Dum vivo, ne fruſtrà, precor, vivam. Ut caret
Anteacta labe vita, liceat ad ultimum
Dixiſſe, Vixi. Te-ne, mi Luci, intuor?
Eſt grata pietas. Quæ mihi tecum fuit,
Uſque ſacra noſtris vivat in natis fides,
Juba—ô relapſum paululum inclina—Juba,
Pietas tua eſt mihi nota, notus eſt amor.
Dum ſalva ſtabat Roma, Romanus foret
Senator indignatus externum ſibi
E regiâ ſtirpe generum. At rerum omnia
Diſcrimina enſe ſuſtulit Cæſar ſuo.
Quicunque pulchrâ laude virtutis nitet,
Romanus audit.—Ægra mors triſti caput
Involvit umbrâ.—O quando corporeo anima
Carcere ſoluta ſordidam effugiet humum,
Sedem hanc malorum & ſceleris odioſam domum?
Tamen ſupremum dum fugax iter parat,
Videtur illi lucis æthereæ jubar
Illabi ab alto.—Ah! vereor, ut præceps nimis
Facinus patrârit dextera! O Superi, O deûm

If I have done amiſs, impute it not!
The beſt may err, but you are good, and oh!

[*Dies.*

*LUCIUS.*

There fled the greateſt ſoul, that ever warm'd
A Roman breaſt. O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.

*JUBA.*

But let us bear this awful corpſe to Cæſar,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath.
*Cato*, tho' dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.

*LUCIUS.*

Hominúmque rector, cuncta qui justò æstimas
Momenta rerum, & mentis humanæ intimos
Lustras recessus, si quid erravi, precor,
Ne verte crimini. Hominis est errare. At, oh!

*Moritur.*

*LUCIUS.*

En civis ille funere indigno perit,
Quo justiorem Roma non unquam parens
Sinu educavit. O mihi frustrà *Cato*
Dilecte, terris quando te polus invidet,
Habebo semper hunc honoratum diem,
Semper & acerbum.

*JUBA.*

Funebri pompâ interim
Corpus feramus Cæsari. Motu licèt
Et luce cassus proteget amicos *Cato*.
Ubi Catonis cernet exuvias suo
Sanguine decoras victor; oblitus feræ
Mansuescet iræ.

*LUCIUS.*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil diſcords flow.
'Tis this, that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms;
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*LUCIUS.*

Hinc concitæ gentes gravi
Discant duello, quanta procudit mala
Discordium armis civium accensus furor.
Concussa ab alto vertice hinc patria ruit,
Telisque Roma fracta Romanis jacet.
Hinc fraus & omnis criminum emersit cohors,
Raptusque nobis vixit heu! frustrà *Cato.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR THE

# POWER of MUSIC.

AN

## ODE on St. CECILIA's DAY.

---

By Mr. DRYDEN.

DONE INTO LATIN VERSE.

# ALEXANDER's FEAST.

## *AN ODE.*

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon,
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſat
On his imperial throne.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

His

# ALEXANDRI CONVIVIUM.

## *CARMEN.*

REGIFICO quondam, devictâ Perfide, luxu
Cùm ſtrueret menſas proles generoſa Philippi,
Ipſe, genus divûm, ſolio ſublimis ab alto
Seſe compoſuit cænæ, mediumque locavit.
Suavè rubens Thais, Tithoni conjugis inſtar,
Aſſedit lateri, viridi formoſa juventâ.
Felices ambo: tanto quippe illa marito
Digna fuit, tali dignus fuit hic quoque ſponſâ,

Belligeri

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound.
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above.
A dragon's fiery form belied the God;
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd
To court the beauties of her ſnowy breaſt.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

The

Belligeri proceres, ſocii comiteſque laborum,
Myrtis atque roſis redimiti tempora circùm
Læti adſunt, ſtratoque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.
Tantus honos armis, tantæ eſt victoria laudis.
Timotheus conſeſſum inter turbamque canentûm
Tractat agens citharam, digitiſque micantibus omnes
Explorans numeros, vario modulamine chordas
Protinus impellit, rapidoque repercutit ictu.
Lætitiâ plauſuque fremunt, ſtudiiſque calentes
Exultant convivæ, animoſque ad ſidera tollunt.

A Jove principium: Jovis omnia plena canebat.
Ille ſupercilio celſi moderator olympi
Cuncta movet, cælorum orbes pontumque profundum.
Ille coruſcanti nimborum in nocte, tonanti

Turbine

The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound.
A preſent Deity they ſhout around,
A preſent Deity the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhows his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he come
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain.

Turbine contorquet fulmen, quo percita tellus,
Quo mortale genus trepidant et numen adorant.*
Talibus arrectæ mentes agitataque corda
Grajugenûm. Deus, ecce deus vox omnibus una,
Et deus, ecce deus laquearia pulsa reclamant.
Attonitus rex ipse audit: simul enthea mentem
Vis sublimè rapit, mediisque interserit astris.
Jamque nihil mortale petens super æthera victor
Fertur ovans, nutuque quatit deus alter olympum.

Plurimus in Bacchi laudes formamque decoram
Deinde canit vates inconsumptamque juventam.
Evoe lætitiæ Bacchus dator advenit, alto
Edomitas Nisæ flectens de vertice tigres.
Argutos adeò fundat cava tibia cantus,
Majori clangore sonent lituique tubæque,
Et fremebunda strepant repetito tympana pulsu.
Purpureum ostentans suffuso lumine vultum
Bacchus adest, roseusque aulam subit hospes apertam.
Bacchus honoratas leges servare bibendi

* The reader will here undoubtedly notice, and, we trust, approve a short deviation from the loose original.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure.
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe.
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from his high eſtate
And welt'ring in his blood.

Deſerted

Inſtituit primus, concordes inter amicos
Inſtaurare dapes, et pocula ponere menſis.
Quis poſt vina gravem martem duroſque labores
Conqueritur? Poſt martis opus duroſque labores
Inſanire juvat, dulcemque haurire furorem.

Talia dum memorat, faſtu turgeſcere inani
Rex acer, ſævoque iterum contendere bello.
Ter ſtravit ſtratos, et fuſa ter agmina fudit.
Jam tumido trepidare ſinu, torvoque tueri
Lumine, jam martem vultu ſignare cruento.
Dumque ardens adeò terris minitatur et aſtris,
Atque ipſos demens vocat in certamina divos,
Flebilis in querulam, converſo pectine, muſam
Barbiton inflectit vates; ea fræna furenti
Subjicit, et ſtimulos ſub pectore vertit amaros.
Darium illuſtrem, quo non pacatior alter
Extiterat terris, regali à culmine lapſum,
Afflictumque ſolo, proh triſtia fata, canebat.

Verniles

Deſerted at his utmoſt need
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expoſed he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt look the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below,
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmiled to ſee,
That love was in the next degree.
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble.

Never

Verniles animæ, proceres jam in morte relinquunt
Exanguem, nec adeſt, qui languida lumina claudat.
Triſtè ſedet victor, mutatâ mente revolvens
Fataque, fortunaſque virûm, varioſque labores.
Mox gemitus mæſto de corde dat interruptos
Suſpirans, lachrymiſque humectat grandibus ora.
Ipſe ſibi plaudit vates; jamque acer eodem
Pectine, quo ſtravit, geſtit relevare jacentem.
Lydorum doctus numeros dulcemque Camænam,
Leniùs attrectat citharam, placidoque canore
Senſim abolet curas, blandumque inſpirat amorem.
Inſtructas nequicquam acies, iterataque magnis
Prælia commemorat cœptis, Mavortis acuti
Sanguineos ludos, vacuos et honore triumphos.

Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who cauſed his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again,
And louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him up like a rattling peal of thunder.

O quem ſacra fames, et inexſaturabilis ardor
Per tot inexhauſtos caſus triſteſque ruinas
Abripit armorum, quem per tot bella ruentem
Gloriæ adhuc urget, laudiſque inſana cupido,
Quam tandem ſtatues metam, rex magne, laborum?
Si fuerat tanti victoria digna laboris,
Eſt propriâ mercede labor quoque dignus, et ipſos
Victores ſua dona manent. Age, carpe diei
Gaudia, quæque tenes, præſentibus utere donis.
Sic regi placitum: linguis plauſuque faventûm
Atria longa ſonant: ferit aurea ſidera clamor.
Talia laurigero virtus ornata triumpho
Præmia habet, victrix retulit ſed muſica palmam.
Junctus Amor Baccho mediâ jam regnat in aulâ,
Cui vix attollens nutantia lumina princeps
Pugnat adhuc, tumido poſſit ſi pectore Divum
Excutere, infuſo donec jam numine victus,
Succumbit ſomno pariter vinoque gravatus.

Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has raiſed up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes, that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles, that flaſh from their eyes!
See a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vegeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold, how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!

The

Nunc age, nunc citharam rursus convelle sonantem,
Acriter increpitans: nunc ceu ruat axe tonanti
Terrificum fulmen, rauco cava buccina cantu
Cornuaque et litui, geminataque tympana rumpant
Vincla sopora viro. Tali dum murmure circùm
Cuncta strepunt, nigris velut experrectus ab umbris,
Rex levat attonitus caput, et perstricta repenti
Corda pavore tremens vaga lumina circumflectit.
Jam mora nulla tenet, pœnas vindicta reposcit,
Timotheus clamat: viden, ut de nocte profundâ
Discurrunt furiæ! Viden, ut sub crinibus angues
Scintillant oculos, horrendaque sibila tollunt!
En tædis armata cohors, en agmina bello
Adverso prostrata graves de Perside pœnas
Solicitant. Hæc omnis inops inhumataque turba
Graiorum est: pœnas cuncti simul ore reposcunt.
Surge adeò et vindex ulciscere fata tuorum.
Aspicis, ut rutilos intentant hostibus ignes,
Attolluntque faces irati, et templa deorum
Persarum exitio signant devota futuro.

The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king ſeized a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy.
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen fired another Troy.
Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame.
The ſweet enthuſiaſt from her ſacred ſtore
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown,
He raiſed a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

Protinus arreptam ſpirans immanè coruſcat
Rex pinūm, poſcitque amens incendia victor.
Conſpirant plauſu proceres, cunctique ſequuntur.
Ipſa inter medios, tædâ flagrante, tumultus
Prima micat Thais, cæci dux fæmina facti,
Alteram et incendit ceu Tyndaris altera Trojam.
Sic citharâ quondam fretus fidibuſque, priuſquam
Organa adhuc norant animata tumeſcere flatu,
Timotheus varios acuit ſub pectore motus,
Indomitamque iram, placidumque accendit amorem.
Cæcilis at tandem patriis deſcendit ab aſtris
Docta modos ſuperûm. Divino numine plena,
Illa novos juſſit numeros clareſcere terris,
Ignotoque priùs grandeſcere carmina cantu.
Timotheus adeò palmam concedat ovanti
Cæciliæ, aut meritam capiant ſimul ambo coronam.
Ille potens numeris mortalem ad ſidera vexit,
Hæc cæli indigenam deduxit ab æthere divum.

# ODE FOR MUSIC,

ON

## S. CECILIA's DAY.

By Mr. POPE.

DESCEND, ye nine, deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around,
The ſhrill echoes rebound:

While

# IN LAUDEM MUSICES

IN

## DIE S. CÆCILIÆ SACRO.

*CARMEN.*

AONIIS deſcende jugis, age funde canoros,
Turba novena, modos: ſpiranti carmina buxo
Suffice, & in numeros citharam moderata tacentem,
Protinus impulſo quate fila ſonantia plectro.

Flebilis in molles longùm vibrata querelas
Dulcè gemat teſtudo, ſtrepant lituique tubæque,
Et pulſata volet circum laquearia clangor.
Pleniùs interea lento ſolemnia flatu

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting, in triumph, now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies:
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors

Organa clareſcant, exultantique canore
Ventoſis reddant modulatam follibus auram.
Audin! lene melos blandè ſubrepit in aures.
Jam magis atque magis latè ſe fundit, & ipſis
Acceptum ſuperis emittit ad aſtra ſonorem.
Et tumet, & tremit, & plaudit, geminatque, triumphatque,
Eliſumque modis trepidantibus aëra complet.
Mox cæſim extenuat ſeſe, numeroſque minutim
Expirat moriens, & deficit expirando.

Dirigit arte ſuâ moderatrix muſica mentem,
Nec torpere ſinit nimiùmve tumeſcere; pectus
Gaudia ſi mixto turbent exorta tumultu,
Illa regit numeris motus, & pectora placat.
Sin animus jaceat curarum pondere preſſus,
Ipſa ſubit, curaſque levat, recreatque jacentem.

Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her ſnakes:
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dared the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian raiſed his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.

Tranſported

Bellatorum animis virtutem accendit, & ægro
Sufficit occultè medicans lenimen amanti.
Ipſius ad numeros curas jubet ire ſolutas
Mœſtitia ; è ſtratis excitus corripit artus
Morpheus ; Pigrities torpentes excutit ulnas,
Protinus evigilans ; ſopitis anguibus adſtat
Invidia, & modulos avidâ bibit aure ſonoros.
Inteſtina ſilent animorum bella ; quieſcit
Seditio, poſitas nec jam reminiſcitur iras.

At cùm bella vocant, armorumque ingruit horror,
Martius ut lituûm ſonitus clangorque tubarum
Exacuit mentem, patriæque accendit amore !
Sic ubi prima ratis, curſus tentare minaces
Audax, ignotis pelagi ſe credidit undis,
Threïcius vates puppi ſublimis ab altâ
Increpuit citharam ; cognatas, nec mora, pinus
Peliacis vidit deſcendere montibus Argo.

Lætitiâ

Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Sad Orpheus ſought his conſort loſt,
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd;
And nought was ſeen, and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coaſt,
But dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts.

Lætitiâ circùm, plauſuque animiſque frementes,
Semidei exultant reges, martemque laceſſunt.
Uſque adeò pulchræ flagrantia corda fatigat
Laudis amor. Clypei textos ſeptemplicis orbes
Heros quiſque rotat ; vaginæ damnat inertes
Exiliens jam mucro moras : vox omnibus arma,
Rupes arma, fretumque poluſque arma, arma remittunt.

Sed raptam Eurydicem cùm per lachrymabile Ditis
Inferni regnum, rapidus flagrantibus undis
Quod Phlegeton ambit, gemebundus quæreret Orpheus,
Objice crudeles non exorabile limen
Præcluſêre fores. Hîc caligantia circum
Littora terrificæ voces, lamenta, graveſque
Miſceri gemitus, & lugubres ululatus.
Continuò nigræ torrenti vortice peſtes
Flammarum erumpunt, & latè lurida jactant
Fulgura ; tum ſtridor ferri, tortoque flagello
Verbera, & umbrarum planctus reſonare nocentûm.

Fallor !

But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire.
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill;
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance.
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls, who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs:
By the heroes armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By

Fallor! Threïcio crepuit chelys aurea plectrō?
Lætæ reſpirant pœnis ceſſantibus umbræ.
Exangues plaudunt choreas ad carmina Manes:
Turba levis propiore movet veſtigia paſſu.
Non jam Ixionei circùm rota vertitur orbis,
Nec ſaxum Æoliden revolubile Siſyphon urget.
Oblitæ irarum, Furiæ ſe in ſtrata reclinant
Ferrea, & intenti pendent de crinibus angues.

Per Stygis æternò labentia flumina, dixit,
Per Zephyrum, qui lenè volans per amœna vireta
Elyſios flores fragranti recreat aurâ;
Per fortunatas animas, maneſque piorum,
Aſphodelo qui prata tenent flaventia, vel quos
Frondibus intextis redolens Amaranthus inumbrat;
Perque heroum umbras, ferroque auroque micantes,
Quæ tremulam vibrant nemora inter nubila lucem;

Per

By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife.
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's pray'r:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard, and how glorious?
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Per, quos fævus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secretique tegunt calles & myrtea ſylva;
O precor, Eurydices properata retexite fata;
O date, mecum iterum ſupera ut convexa reviſat!
Id ſi Parca vetat,——letho gaudete duorum.

Talibus orabat: nigri ſacraria Ditis,
Haud mora, conſeſſêre; rataſque Proſerpina juſſit
Eſſe preces. Quid non adeò Lethoque Ereboque
Muſica devictis ſperet ſuperare canendo?
Obſtabant fera fata licèt, reditumque nigranti
Claudebat novies Styx circumfuſa palude,
Vicit amor, citharâ pollens fidibuſque canoris.

Aſt incautus amans nimiùm citò reſpicit: illa
Heu! retro ad Stygias collapſa revolvitur umbras.
Quâ prece, quo fletu Manes jam flexeris, Orpheu?
Crimen abeſt, ni fortè nimis ſit crimen amâſſe.

Nunc

Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows.
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Nunc quà defeſſus variis erroribus undas
Hebrus agit, ſive abrupti ſub fragmine montis
Surda ſedens inter pronarum murmura aquarum,
Nulli exauditus, lachrymans, ignotus, acerbùm
Ingemit, & queſtu montes ſylvaſque fatigat,
Eurydicem ingeminans & non revocabile fatum.
Nunc ſtupet attonitus, furiis agitatus, & expes;
Dum Rhodopen luſtrat glacie nivibuſque regentem,
Ardet, & ardentem tremor occupat. Ilicet amens
Per loca vaſta fugit properantibus ocyor Euris.
Thyrſigeris audin' bacchantibus inſonat Hæmus—
Heu! miſer occidit!—At miſeram tamen algida lingua,
Ah miſeram Eurydicem, vitâ fugiente, ciebat.
Eurydicen ſylvæ, Eurydicen amneſque lacuſque,
Eurydicen montes, & concava ſaxa ſonabant.

Muſa

Muſic the fierceſt griefs can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire,
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers raiſed a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

Muſa regit luctuſque feros, legemque ſeveram
Fatorum: infuſâ duram dulcedine mutat
Pœnarum rabiem, & blando ſolamine mulcet
Lymphatos animos deſperanteſque ſalutis.
Lætitiæ majore replet mortalia ſenſu
Pectora, datque alti præſciſcere gaudia cœli.

Hoc, afflata Dei propiori numine, ſenſit
Cæcilis, & modulos cœlo ſacravit & aris.
Cùm conjuncta choris pleno modulamine plaudunt
Organa, concentum cupidis gens incola cœli
Auribus accipiunt. Sacro ſimul igne calentes,
Nos quoque in æthereos animis ſublimibus orbes
Abripimur, cœlumque ipſum penetramus ovantes.

Threïcium ceſſent adeò jam dicere vates
Orphea; Cæciliæ major conceſſa poteſtas.
Conjugis hic manes Stygiis revocavit ab umbris,
Illa canens ſublimè levat ſuper æthera mentem.

Quatuor

# Quatuor vertentis anni Tempeſtates.*

## *CARMEN.*

AREA lata jacet multo nitidiſſima cultu
Herbarum florumque toris, quam quatuor albo
Marmore Nympharum vivos referentia vultus
Diſtinguunt ſimulachra, loci ornamenta ſuperbi.
Hinc via porrigitur raris interſita lucis,
Quantùm acie poſſunt oculi luſtrare tuentûm.
Ordine directo ſurgunt æqualibus inter
Se ſpatiis ulmi, cælo capita alta ferentes.
Parte ex adverſâ, nigrâ nemus imminet umbrâ,
Luxurie foliorum horrens: hîc aurea mala,

* Anglicè The Seaſons. Vide Spectator, Vol. 6, N. 425.

Laurique et ſalices et amantes littora myrti.
Amnis utrumque latus vitreâ pellucidus undâ
Alluit, et terram viridanti gramine veſtit.
Tractus amore loci greſſum huc, ut ſæpe, ferebam.
Jam pronus Titan immerſerat æquore currum,
Et veſpertinos accenderat Heſperus ignes.
Cynthia jam puro ſurgens effulget olympo,
Et tremulos philomela modos merulæque canoræ
Certatim exorſæ replent concentibus auras.
Unda repercuſſæ radians ab imagine lunæ,
Et lenes zephyrorum animæ, molleſque ſuſurri
Inſolitâ mentem recreant dulcedine, et omnes
Curas ire jubent. O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ſani, aiebam, tanta inter gaudia ruris
Contigit innocuæ traducere tempora vitæ!
His ego deliciis pigram excuſſiſſe ſenectam
Optârim, lapſæque annos renovare juventæ.
Tum vario expendi labentia tempora motu,
Volventiſque anni tempeſtatumque per orbem
Continuos reditus: ut nox vaga ſidera promit,

Et

Et peritura diem naſcentem aurora reducit:
Quid facit infeſtas hyemes, quo fidere findit
Sol æſtivus agros, primo quot vere colores
Florea terra parit, quantas autumnus opimo
Fundit opes gremio, donec jam bruma recurrens
Excutit arboribus, quos ver renovârat honores.

Talia volventi placuit pendente ſub ulmo
Sternere corpus humi: nec longùm ita fortè jacenti,
Incertum florúmne aurâ ſudióve diurno,
Paulatim obrepens fuſos ſopor occupat artus.
In ſomnis ecce ante oculos placidiſſimus horti
Viſus adeſſe mihi Genius, quem ponè ſequuntur
Horæque et Menſes, anni vertentis imago.

Emicat ante alios viridi ſpectabilis ævo,
Egregius formâ Juvenis.* Decor æmulus aſtris
Fronte ſedet; crines divinum vertice odorem

* Ver.

Exhalant, veſtiſque pedes deſcendit ad imos
Serica, textorum vernans ſubtemine florum.
Ætas prima licèt nondum ſortita virile
Robur erat, florente tamen juſtâque figurâ
Membrorum incedit, qualem decet eſſe juventæ.
Dextram ornat croceo narciſſus junctus acantho,
Purpureiſque roſæ circumdant tempora ſertis.
Hujus in adventu ſeſe natura fragrantes
Induit in flores. Molli de ceſpite ſurgunt
Sub pedibus violæ, panditque decora tenellum
Primula per campos folium, primæva Favonî
Et Chloris ſoboles. Novus hinc Vertumnus amictu
Verſicolore nitet, virides incincta capillos
Flora roſis illinc greſſum comitatur euntis.

Hæc perluſtranti mihi dum miranda videntur,
Ecce repercuſſos lunæ ſplendentis ab orbe
Flamma, illapſa oculis, radios ad nubila jactat.
Talibus attonitus viſis, huc protinus ambas
Flecto acies, habitumque viri greſſumque tremiſco.

Per

Per campum incedit rutulis circumdatus armis
Pugnator, ſtrictoque nemus præfulgurat enſe.
Pectus et ampli humeri nitidâ pro veſte teguntur
Loricâ conſertâ hamis: frontem premit ærea caſſis.
Fare, iſthæc quæ forma viri, viſúque tremendum
Os bellatoris? Quæ tanta licentia ferri?
Cui Genius: quem tu, trepidus formidine, campo
Proſpicis adverſo gradientem et torva tuentem,
Bellipotens Mars eſt, qui quanquam ſanguine gaudet,
Non tamen uſque furit; clypeique oblitus et haſtæ,
Interdum properat vernis ſe jungere Nymphis.

Nunc placito juxtà Charitum chorus agmine prodit,
Implicitis pariter manibus zoniſque ſolutis,
Ad citharæ cantum per prata virentia feſtas
Exercent choreas: ventis dant colla comaſque,
Alterniſque ſolum pulſant ex ordine plantis.
Innumeris ſtipata Jocis Venus aurea lucet
In medio, blandoque omnes ſupereminet ore.
Incluſum vitro ſolem Titaniaque aſtra

Circumfert lævâ, ſceptrum regale coruſcat
Dextrâ, ſceptrum auro gemmiſque micantibus aptum.

Inde retrò verni ſuccedunt ordine Menſes.
Martium ut adverſum vidi per amæna vireta
Ferre pedem, viſus primùm mihi vultus et ora
Nubibus obduci, et ſulcari tempora rugis.
Aſt ubi jam cæpit propiore accedere paſſu,
Turbida paulatim nigræ rareſcere frontis
Nubila, et æthereas ſeſe purgare ſub auras.
Jam facies tam blanda nitet, jam tanta relucet
Gratia, jam riſu tam temperat ora ſereno,
Ut cognoſcendi ſtudio juvet uſque morari,
Et conferre gradum, mentemque explere tuendo.
Ordo ſed intereà rapitur revolubilis anni,
Nec ſine triſtitiæ ſenſu diſcedere vidi,
Florigero quamvis aditum patefecit Aprili.

Ille ubi jam propiùs per amica ſilentia lunæ
Acceſſit, formam egregiam vultumque ſalubrem

Luſtravi

Luſtravi admirans: adeò illi dulcis inerrat
Temperies, leni tantus color inſidet ore!
Quà graditur, vernum ſequitur decus: omnis in herbam
Turgida ſurgit humus, zephyriſque tepentibus halant
Purpurei flores. Terris tamen aurea condit
Lumina nonnunquam, et dubiæ caligine frontis
Squalentem glomerans nubem ſe ſolvit in imbres
Irriguos: primam rurſus mox colligit ore
Temperiem, nubeſque fugat ſolemque reducit.

Illius admiſſo Maius veſtigia curſu
Urget anhelanti ſimilis. Contenta parato
Tela tenens arcu gradientem paſſibus æquat
Natus Acidaliæ Veneris: jam jamque ſagittam
Emiſſurus erat, quando ut tranſibat, amantûm
Continuò auditi fletus, lamenta, querelæque,
Et fractæ gemitu voces. Sed leniter aures
Vix feriunt, ubi jam ſtridenti turbine venti
Omnia confundunt et nubibus irrita donant.

Talia miranti, magnâ comitante catervâ,
Apparet nova forma Viri;* graditurque per hortum
Jam medium, et profugi veſtigia veris anhelo
Paſſu urget, virideſque umbras fonteſque requirit
Impatiens æſtûs. Humeris projecerat altis
Cirratas errare comas et ludere vento.
Olli roriferas ſupra caput explicat alas
Crinibus alludens Zephyrus, foliſque calentes
Defendit radios, et flamine mulcet amico.
Huic bini comites ſtipant latus; Heſperus albo
Vectus equo, et croceis rutilans Aurora capillis.
Pan et flava Ceres, manibus per mutua junctis,
Ambo ætate pares, ſpicis nutantibus ambo
Tempora præcincti ſubeunt: hos deinde quaterni
Ruſtica turba premunt meſſores. Illa ſonantem
Fert dextrâ citharam, terramque ad carmina pulſat.
Hi dominam agnoſcunt læti, luſtrantque choreis,

* Æſtas.

Æſtivi

Æstivi veniunt terno pòst ordine Menses.
Junius impubem veris servare juventam
Visus adhuc; ficco conspersi pulvere crines,
Julius Augustusque æstu tardante sequuntur.
Tardior Augustus: quatit asper anhelitus artus,
Jam languens, jam lapsurus similisque cadenti
Ægro incessu hæret. Sudor lavit improbus ora,
Dum furit adverso malesana Canicula cælo.

Vir* subit à tergo, maturo floridus ævo,
Purpureâ fulgens zonâ fulvoque capillo.
Olli dependet promissa in pectore barba:
In nodum collecto humeros toga vestit amictu,
Flavis tincta notis, frondes imitata caducas,
Quas primum autumi decussit ab arbore frigus:
Quacunque incedit, dextrâ generosus apertâ
Spargit opes, laterique hærens telluris opimas
Multiplici fruges effundit Copia cornu.



* Autumnus.

Sed neque ſic viſus prærepti munera veris
Compenſare tamen. Dextrâ Pomona madenti
Spumantem cratera tenens comitatur euntem.
Uvida pampineis evinctus tempora ramis
Liber adeſt, curruque tigres ſublimis ab alto
Flectit agens, Evæque Evæ canit orgia Bacchis.
Tum variæ comitum facies, innoxia ruris
Numina, Sileni, quos tota armenta ſequuntur
Faunique, Satyrique et monticolæ Sylvani.

Proximus incedit cultu September amœno,
Dives opum, veriſque novi promiſſor honorum.
Illi Phœbeo facies ſplendore relucet,
Aut ſubitò ſi quæ contriſtant nubila vultum,
Mox placido abſterget riſu, cælumque ſerenat.
Talis erat, talem ſeſe September agebat.
Protinus October, calcatis ſordidus uvis,
Ingreditur pluviâque caput madefactus et auſtro.

Tertius

Tertius his voluit quanquam comes ire November,
Siſtit ſæpè gradum, atque hyemem cervice reflexâ
Reſpicit inſtantem tergo, et propiora tenentem.

Olli* forma ſenis vergentis ad ultima vitæ
Tempora; Sithoniæ capiti nivis æmula lucet
Canities; baculus veſtigia languida firmat.
Barba riget glacie concretis pendula cruſtis;
Frons rugoſa, oculi ſuffuſi ſanguine et igni.
Pectoribus tenus hædinis in pellibus horret,
Hirſutâ impexus ſetâ; de crinibus urſi
Tegmen habet capiti. Sed vis adeò aſpera cæli
Frigore torpentes artus penetrârat et oſſa,
Ut, viſu miſerum, penitus lunatus in arcum
Haud uſquam valeat cæli convexa tueri.
Ter conatus erat ſe recto attollere trunco,
Ter genuum junctura ſenem fruſtrata labaſcit,
Officiumque negat. Pede jam titubante minatur

* Hyems.

Succiduus lapſum, tantis algoribus impar,
Si non continuò ſocios ea cura ſubiret
Suſtentare manu, et greſſus fulcire trementes.

Hinc graditur Comus, dapibus qui præſidet, illinc
Fati annoſa Parens, magnâ quæ voce per umbras
Uſque monet, quotquot ſub iniquâ ſorte laborant,
Æquâ ut mente ferant, duri quodcunque ferendum eſt.
Totus in aſpectu Comi defixus inhæſi.
Parte ſub adverſâ chlamydis, quam fulgida rubro
Purpura diſtinguit limbo, ſine labe renidet
Pictus acu Phrygiâ et ferrugine tinctus Iberâ.
Innumeros in fronte Sales tranſverſa tuentes,
Et Riſus, hilareſque Jocos, feſtoſque Lepores
Fecerat intexens vario ſubtemine Pallas.
Aſt averſus ubi ſeſe ſubducere cæpit,
Heu! qualis, quantùm et mutata abeuntis imago!
Calvities ſqualente caput cute turpat, et artus
Conficit informis macies. Tum picta per oras
Extremas tunicæ, paſſis de more capillis

Conſpicitur

Conſpicitur Cædes, ſtricto mucrone cruenta.
Sanguineo ſuccincta peplo juxtà accubat Ira,
Lividaque in denſum diſtorquens lumina vulgus
Suſpicio. In medio Clamores, ebria bella
Cernere erat. Madidos inſano marte videres
Fervere convivas, vinoque rubeſcere menſas.
Hinc Lapithæ ſtabant, genus hinc deforme, bimembres
Prælia Centauri miſcent. Jam fracta per auras
Pocula crateresque volant. Furor arma miniſtrat,
Immixto tellus vinoque et ſanguine manat.

Tam fœdum aſpectu ſcelus averſatus et arma
Impia, converſo Saturnum lumine cerno.
Ille è conſpectu ſenſim ſubrepere pergit
Furtivo taciturnus paſſu : armatur aduncâ
Dextram falce manum ; de lævâ clepſydra pendet.
Proxima Saturno ſpatio dein Veſta relicto
Adveni[illegible]m ſervans penetralibus ignem.
Dextrâ ardet lampas, dulci quam ſemper olivo
Flamma perennis alit. Tum turbidus imbre December,

Januque

Januſque et Februus veſtiti pellibus omnes
Ordine ſuccedunt. Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen, niſi quò propiore ſequentis
Quiſque ſibi ſpatio ſentit veſtigia veris,
Aut levat aut denſat contractæ nubila frontis.

THE

# PASTORALS

OF

## Mr. POPE.

*DONE INTO LATIN VERSE.*

# SPRING; OR, DAMON.

## The FIRST PASTORAL.

## To SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains.
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing,
Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.

You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more;
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!

O let

# VER, SIVE DAMON.

## ECLOGA PRIMA.

HIC primùm agrefti tentavit arundine carmen,
Noftra nec erubuit campos celebrare Camœna
Windforios: leni, Thamefis Pater, agmine fluctus
Volve, tuo Siculæ cantant in littore Mufæ.
Per falices ludat tremulo verna aura fufurro,
Albentefque ferant rupes ad fidera cantus.

O qui Regum apice, & popularibus altior auris,
Oblatas fpernis pompas, fafcefque fuperbos
Ruris amans, aulæque & opes, ftrepitumque relinquis
Transfuga non humilis, tenui mea carmen avenâ

Mufa

O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre.
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chaunt to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two ſwains, whom Love kept wakeful and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair.
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus replied.

*DAPHNIS.*

Hear, how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!

Why

Muſa canat, patrio donec tu lentus in arvo,
Majori moveas reſonantia pectine fila.
Sic, ubi ſub ramo captat philomela quietem,
Sylveſtri merulæ nemora inter ſola canoros
Fas tentare modos: ſin illa ſilentia rumpit,
Hæc tacet: arrectis audit ſimul auribus omnis
Alituum chorus, et pennis plaudentibus adſtat.

Ut pecus excuſſo nocturnum à vellere rorem
Diſpulerat, curis animum vigilantibus acti,
Lanigeros duxêre greges ad paſcua Daphnis
Atque bonus Strephon; Muſâ aſpirante canendo
Ambo pares, formoſi annis florentibus ambo.
Jamque Aurora novo ſtringebat lumine montes;
Hæc Daphnis, cui ſic reſpondit in ordine Strephon.

*DAPHNIS.*

Audin' ut modulis reſonant arbuſta ſonoris,
Naſcentemque diem genus evocat omne volucrum!

Cur

Why ſtand we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſtand we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

*STREPHON.*

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

*DAPHNIS.*

And I this bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines.
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year:
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

*DAMON.*

Cur taciti ſtamus? Jam matutina canoros
Fundit alauda modos, jam ver Philomela ſalutat.
Cur mœſti ſtamus? Claro jam fulget Olympo
Phoſphorus, & roſeum natura redintegrat annum.

*STREPHON.*

Incipe; tu Damon, certaminis arbiter eſto,
Dum lenti exercent tauri ſub vomere campum.
Hic crocus, & caſiæ molles, violæque renident,
Purpureæque roſæ Zephyris ſpirantibus halant.
Illum ego ponam agnum, fontis qui ludit ad undas,
Ludentiſque ſuam de margine proſpicit umbram.

*DAPHNIS.*

Poculum & hoc ego, cui torno ſuperaddita vitis
Panditur, effuſos hederâ cingente racemos;
Anni vertentis quatuor cœlata figuris
Tempora convexis ſurgunt: & quid fuit illud,
Quod paribus cingit cœleſtem partibus orbem,
Quà duodena æquo volvuntur tramite ſigna?

*DAMON.*

*DAMON.*

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing.
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground.
Begin; the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

*STREPHON.*

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altar ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

*DAPHNIS.*

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian ſtatue ſhall be changed to gold.

*STREPHON.*

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain:

But

*DAMON.*

Alternis canite, oblectant alterna Camœnas.
Nunc pratum omne nitet, nunc omnis parturit arbor;
Frondibus & ſylvæ vernant, & floribus agri.
Dicite; vocales referent ad ſidera valles.

*STREPHON.*

Delia mî canitur; tu ſuffice, Phœbe, canenti
Carmina Wallerii, aut Granvilli digna Camœnis.
Tergore candenti taurus tibi ſtabit ad aras,
Qui cornu feriat, pedibuſque laceſſat arenam.

*DAPHNIS.*

Pan, mihi ſi dones Strephona æquare canendo,
Ipſe tibi ſignum Pario de marmore ponam.
Sin vincam, numeroque auctum mihi creſcat ovile,
Marmore pro Pario ſtabis conſpectus in auro.

*STREPHON.*

Me mea blanda vocat pellaci Delia nutu;
Nec mora, prorumpens denſam ſe condit in umbram.

Acer

But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

*DAPHNIS.*

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen.
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

*STREPHON.*

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield.
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

*DAPHNIS.*

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

*STREPHON.*

Acer amore ſequor : ludit primùm illa ſequentem
Improba, mox fićto gaudet ſe prodere riſu.

*DAPHNIS.*

Sylvia gramineum celeri pede corripit arvum :
Jamque fugit, ſeſeque cupit fugitiva videri.
Ipſa ſibi diſcors ſequiturque fugitque ſequentem,
Dum viſu repetit, quem curſu vitat amantem.

*STREPHON.*

Auriferas jaćtet dives Paćtolus arenas,
Eridani in ripis ſudent elećtra myricæ ;
Blandiùs arrident Thamiſino in littore campi :
Parcite, oves, procedere ; veſtra hæc paſcua ſunto.

*DAPHNIS.*

Diligit Idaliæ ſacros Venus aurea lucos ;
Hybla fragrans Cereri, Dianæ Cynthus amatur.
Windſorios habitet tantùm mea Sylvia campos,
Windſoriis cedent campis & Cynthus & Hybla.

*STREPHON.*

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and cloſed the drooping flow'rs,
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

*DAPHNIS.*

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The Sun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

*STREPHON.*

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

*DAPHNIS.*

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day.

Ev'n

*STREPHON.*

Omnia nunc ſqualent; contriſtant æthera nimbi,
Triſtè ſilent volucres, languet flos omnis in agro;
Delia ſi ridet, fugiunt vaga nubila cœlo,
Flora redit, gaudentque choros renovare volucres.

*DAPHNIS.*

Omnia nunc florent, nunc formoſiſſima latè
Sylvā viret; placidis miteſcunt ſolibus auræ:
Sylvia ſi ridet, decorat lux altera campos,
Et natura novo ſuperata rubeſcit honore.

*STREPHON.*

Vere novo valles, autumno tempore montes,
Mane juvant agri, mediis ſub ſolibus umbræ,
Delia me ſemper; ſin illa abſceſſerit, agri
Nec me mane juvant, mediis nec ſolibus umbræ.

*DAPHNIS.*

Veris & autumni ſibi Sylvia jungit honores;
Pulchrior autumno eſt, & vernâ ſuavior aurâ.

Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

*STREPHON.*

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears
A wond'rous tree, that ſacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

*DAPHNIS.*

Nay tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia ſhall be thine.

*DAMON.*

Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt ſwains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel,
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe ſwains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!

Now

Montibus his noſtris abeat, ver diſplicet; ipſâ
Præſenti, felix toto ver regnat in anno.

*STREPHON.*

Dic, quibus in terris ramis felicibus arbor
Sacratos geſtat Reges; tum, lite repoſtâ,
Haud ſanè abnuero pateram tibi victus, & agnum
Tradere: parto ibit tua Sylvia læta triumpho.

*DAPHNIS.*

Dic, quibus ipſe prior melioribus exit in agris
Carduus aſſurgens, cui lactea lilia cedunt:
Tum tu nobilius referes, me dante, trophæum:
Sylvia ducetur tibi candida ſponſa marito.

*DAMON.*

Siſtite, jam pueri; tibi finum adjudico, Strephon,
Et tibi, Daphni, agnum. Vos an magis arte canendi
Felices, pueri, an pulchro vos corpore, Nymphæ?
Felices, pueri; felices vos quoque, Nymphæ.

Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee, the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

SUMMER;

Surgite nunc adeò, quodque hîc propè frondet, ad antrum
Tendite, ſecurum verno tutamen ab imbre.
Gramineæ luxu menſæ ſternentur agreſti,
Floriferumque nemus ſuaves diffundet odores.
Namque videtis, uti pecudes ad ovilia tendunt,
Fœcundoque graves deſcendunt Pleiades imbre.

# SUMMER; OR, ALEXIS.

## THE SECOND PASTORAL.

*To Dr. GARTH.*

A SHEPHERD's Boy, he ſeeks no better name,
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naïds wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.

Accept

# ÆSTAS, SIVE ALEXIS.

## ECLOGA II.

PASTORIS famulus, nec enim ſibi majus Alexis
Nomen avet, fœcunda greges ad paſcua juſſit
Tendere, quà placido Thamiſis ſecat arva fluento.
Mite repercuſſi ſolis jubar errat in undis,
Et tremulam faciunt alni paſtoribus umbram.
Dum dulcè hîc queritur, dum carmina fundit ad auras,
Stant mœſtæ pecudes circùm, & ſuſpenſa quieſcunt
Flumina: Näiades liquidis flevêre ſub antris,
Flevit & irriguo deſcendens Jupiter imbre.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractiſed hearts endure,
From love, the ſole diſeaſe thou can'ſt not cure.

Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing;
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder, and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree?
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where ſtray, ye Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?

In

Accipe, GARTHA, novo deductum pectine carmen,
Accipe, quamque ferunt musæ, sine tempora circum
Inter Apollineas hederam tibi serpere lauros.
En, quid amor, tibi amor solum insanabile, cogit
Ferre, quibusque premit juvenilia pectora curis.

Vos, gelidi fontes, fagi, vos testor, opacæ,
Quæ radios Phœbi, non ignem arcetis Amoris,
Quas dolor effundit, justas audite querelas.
Non canimus surdis; respondent flebilè sylvæ,
Flebilè clivosi montes, & saxa reclamant.
Durior heu quianam saxis, Amarylli, canentem
Respuis, & nullas voces tractabilis audis?
Flebilè balantes respondent quæstibus agni;
Illos ficca dies, tu me, meus ignis, aduris.
Æstifer accendit sitientes Sirius agros,
At tibi perpetuâ frigent præcordia brumâ.

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuêre, Camœnæ,
Vester Alexis ubi studio tabebat inani?

In thoſe fair fields, where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs.
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains, which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant, that drinks the morning dew.
Ah wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer.
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine, which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death.
He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:

But

An quà pulcher Iſis leni rigat agmine campos,
An quà per valles ſinuat ſua flumina Camus ?
Nuper ego lucentis aquæ me in margine vidi ;
Suavè rubeſcentem mihi rettulit unda figuram.
Sed cùm noſtræ adeò formæ tibi ſordet imago,
Ipſe ego jam fontes, modò qui placuêre, relinquo.
Quæ procul in ſylvis plantæ naſcuntur, & omnes
Virtutes herbarum nôram, uſumque medendi.
Hei mihi ! quid prodeſt plantas noviſſe, vel herbas,
Si crudelis amor nullâ eſt medicabilis arte,
Nec mihi, quæ gregibus, medicantia gramina proſunt !

Formoſos alii per mollia paſcua ducant
Auſpicio meliore greges, & vellera mutent ;
Me juvat umbroſo tecum hoc ſub monte jacentem
Et canere, & viridi præcingere tempora lauro.
Eſt mihi, quam Corydon modulans inflare ſolebat,
Fiſtula ; ſupremum hoc, inquit, morientis, Alexi,
Munus habe ; hæc nomen Roſalindæ rura docebat.

Sic

But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpiſed by thee.

And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong.
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring.
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign;
And in one garland all their beauties join.
Accept the wreath, which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriſed in one.

See, what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, ſprightly nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;

When

Sic Corydon; ſed jam pendebit ab arbore buxus
Uſque ſilens, cùm noſtra adeò tibi carmina ſordent.

Sæpè tamen plauſus mihi ruſtica turba canenti,
Panque Deus, Satyrique leves, Faunique dedêre.
Ipſæ etiam Nymphæ ſylvis venêre relictis.
Primitias ultrò frugum, niveaſque palumbes
Quas tibi ſervo, ferunt. Studiis certantibus omnes
Paſtores tibi ſerta parant: tibi Flora renidens
Purpureos nectit ruris redolentis honores.
Quin ergo, quam ſola meres, Amarylli, coronam
Accipe: nam campis, nam tu decus omne colonis.

Aſpice, quanta tenet ſylveſtria rura voluptas?
Æthere delapſi coluerunt Dii quoque ſylvas.
Pulchra Venus ſylvis cum pulchro errabat Adoni,
Atque Diana frequens virides amat incola ſaltus.
Nympha, veni: præſente volat te gratior hora,
Cùm tonſis redeunt ovibus ſub nocte coloni,

Cum

When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh! deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh, where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall.

Cum vincti ex agro meſſores tempora ſpicis
Adſunt, & Cererem feſto clamore ſalutant.
Squameus hîc tacitâ nullus latet anguis in herbâ,
Sed mihi amor latitans nutrit ſub corde venenum.
Hîc roſeos populantur apes, ſua gaudia, flores;
Nulla abſente tuus te gaudia novit Alexis.
O! precor, ô! noſtras dignare inviſere ſedes,
Et virides muſco fontes, nemorumque receſſus.
Quacumque incedas, ſpirante favonius aurâ
Apricos recreabit agros: ubicumque ſedentem
Sylva ſequax denſâ ramorum proteget umbrâ.
Sub pedibus mollem ſternet tibi Flora tapetem,
Quàque feras oculos, rerum nova gloria ſurget.
O dulces liceat tecum mihi ducere ſoles,
Aonioque tuas percurrere pectine laudes!
Te volucrum per rura chori, te campus, & omnis
Sylva canet, nomenque ferent ad ſidera venti.
Sin certare voles, Orpheumque æquare canendo,
In numerum rurſus ſylvaſque umbraſque videbis
Ludere, & excelſos motare cacumina montes,
Auritoſque trahi ſuſpenſis lapſibus amnes.

Sed

But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove.
Ye Gods, and is there no relief for Love?

But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN;

Sed viden! è medio ſol igneus ardet Olympo,
Et feſſæ pecudes frigus ſectantur opacum.
Cum grege paſtores umbras & flumina quærunt:
Hei mihi, quòd duro nullum eſt ſolamen amori!

Mox cœlum emenſus, ſol æquore tinget anhelos
Pronus equos, ponetque viæ finemque labori:
Me tamen uſque novis violentior æſtibus urit
Ignis, & ardentem nocteſque dieſque fatigat.

AUTUMNUS,

# AUTUMN; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

## THE THIRD PASTORAL.

*To Mr. WYCHERLEY.*

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays.
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.

Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

Whoſe

# AUTUMNUS, SIVE HYLAS ET ÆGON.

## ECLOGA III.

FORTE' ſub umbroſo frondentis tegmine fagi
Pulcher Hylas, pulcherque unà conſederat Ægon.
Hic infidum, ille abſentem deflebat amorem,
Deliaque & Doris nemoroſa per arva ſonabant.

Andinæ Muſæ, ſacros recludite fontes;
Sollicitos Ægonis Hylæque canemus amores.

O, cui Pierides numeros, artemque Terentî,
Plautinoſque dedêre ſales, igneſque Menandri;
O tu,

Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms;
Oh, ſkill'd in nature, ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.

Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſo lovely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light,
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Doris' ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt Love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Doris, to the winds I mourn,
Alike, unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her the feather'd quires neglect their ſong;

For

O tu, qui mores hominum formare monendo
Cenſor amas, vitæque doces præcepta beatæ;
Aſpice nos, noſtramque, licèt ſit ruſtica, Muſam,
Paſtorumque bonus molles ne ſperne querelas.

Jam roſeis Sol pronus equis vergebat in æquor,
Sparſaque puniceâ radiabant nubila luce;
Argutâ cùm triſtis Hylas ſic cœpit avenâ,
Monteſque & ſcopulos Dorin reſonare docebat.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas!
Scilicet ut mœrens, amiſsâ conjuge, turtur
Raucà gemens gravibus latè loca quæſtibus implet;
Sic mea dum Doris procul his ſejungitur arvis,
Solus, inops, expes ſingultibus aſtra laceſſo.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas!
Illâ abſente, choros mœſtæ abrupêre volucres;

Illâ

For her the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny ;
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs, that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing.
Ye trees, that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away ?
Curſed be the fields, that cauſe my Doris' ſtay.
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid ? Where'er my Doris flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe ;
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along !
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,

The

Illâ abſente, ſuam feſſo negat arbutus umbram,
Marcenteſque comas morientia lilia ponunt.
Lilia, quæ verno ſpoliata jacetis honore,
Vos, canere oblitæ, fugiente æſtate, volucres,
Vos ſylvæ, autumno contactæ frigore, teſtor,
Longa mori ſi non abſentia cogat amantem.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas!
Deteſtata mihi, procul hoc quæ rure morantem
Dorin terra tenet. Modò te mihi ſoſpite, Dori,
Pratorum ſpolietur honos, elangueat omnis
Arbor, & in medio marceſcat floſculus arvo.
Quæ demens quæ ſtulta loquor? Quoſcumque pererrat
Illa locos, per prata recens comitetur euntem
Veris honos, ſurgant violæ, decoretur odoris
Dura roſis ilex, manentque electra vepretis.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas!
Antè loquax iterare modos ceſſabit Aëdon,

The woods to move, the vagrant winds to blow,
And ſtreams to murmur, e'er my tears to flow.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſhun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming, as thy ſight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Doris, come: ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Doris ſounds,
Doris each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind?
Do lovers dream, or is my Doris kind?
She comes, my Doris comes! Now ceaſe, my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!

Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admired;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpired.

Reſound,

Antè ſuſurrantes motare cacumina ſylvæ,
Aut ſpirare noti, aut dulci cum murmure rivi
Serpere, quàm triſtes mea lumina fundere fletus.
Non ſitientem adeò fontanæ copia lymphæ
Juverit agricolam, non feſſum ſomnus in herbâ;
Non tam dulce apibus ſolis jubar, imber alaudis,
Quàm tua grata mihi veniat præſentia, Dori.

Ferte meas, venti, hinc ad Dorida ferte querelas!
Huc, ô Dori, veni; quæ te tam lenta moratur
Segnities? Te ſaxa vocant, colleſque ſupini,
Te reſonæ valles, te noſtræ, Dori, myricæ.
Quæ, ſuperi, quæ me jucunda inſania ludit?
An venit? An fingunt ipſi ſibi ſomnia amantes?
Doris adeſt, mea Doris adeſt. Jam ſiſtite, venti,
Siſtite, nec noſtras ad Dorida ferte querelas!

Vos, quæ rettulerit, ſylvis mirantibus, Ægon,
Dicite, Pierides; nam vos docuiſtis & illa.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjured Delia dying I complain.
Here, where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat,
While curling ſmokes from village tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft' we paſs'd the day:
Oft' on the rind I carved our mutual vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs.
The garlands fade, the rind is worn away;
So die her vows, and ſo my hopes decay.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now g[illegible]en fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grate[illegible] cluſters ſwell with floods of wine.

Now

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!
Hìc, quà demiſſis ſeſe ſubducere ſenſim
Vallibus incipiunt, abeuntque in nubila montes,
Delia, te moriens, te, perfida Delia, teſtor.
Jam collo ex arvis redeunt languente juvenci,
Inverſique domum referunt grave pondus aratri;
Jam procul undantem villarum culmina ad auras
Exhalant fumum, valleſque umbrantur opacæ.

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus.
Sæpè diem longo tecum ſermone ſub umbrâ
Populeâ fregi, viridique in cortice vota
Incidi, dum tu curvatis pendula ramis
Serta dabas: ſed jam poſuerunt marcida fluxum
Serta decus, fiſſo pereunt in cortice vota.
Sic fugitivus amor, ſic me ſpes luſit amantem!

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!
Jam faciunt lætas Arcturi ſidera fruges:
Jam gravidos onerant ramos poma aurea, & uvæ
Purpureo paſſim per colles nectare turgent;

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove.
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns, but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserved my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas! have pow'r to move?
Or is there magic, but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love; on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

Resound

Ditia flaventes pingunt aviaria baccæ.
Tanquam hæc decepti mihi sint solamen amoris!

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!
Pastores clamant, "Tibi oves abiguntur & hædi."
Hei mihi! quid prodest vel oves servâsse vel hædos,
Si dum servo gregem, pereo miser ipse? Lycæi
Arcadii venit Deus; ecqua venefica, dixit,
Te vidit, sanosque avertit pectore sensus?
Sola mihi sanos avertit Delia sensus.
Unus amor misero mentem mihi fascinat omnem.

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!
Ibo, & pastores, pecudesque, & amœna vireta
Linquam: at pastores, pecudesque & amœna vireta
Linquere quid juvat, insano nisi linquar amore?
Nunc scio, quid sit Amor: duris in montibus ortum
Nutrivêre lupæ, & tigres pavêre rapaces.
Illum è visceribus vulsum flagrantibus Ætnæ
Turbo nigras fudit, cœlo indignante, sub auras.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!

Thus ſung the ſhepherds, till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light;
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

Reddite lugubres, cava culmina, reddite cantus!
Sylva vale dilecta, vale, lux alma diëi!
Istius aërio præceps de vertice rupis
Deferar; ille modus fuerit finisque dolori.
Reddere lugubres, cava culmina, parcite cantus!

Talia jactabant, cùm jam procedere vesper
Cœperat, & roseum suffundere lumen Olympo.
Humida jam vitreis rorabant gramina guttis,
Solque cadens rerum crescentes auxerat umbras.

# WINTER; OR, DAPHNE.

## THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

*To the MEMORY of Mrs. TEMPEST.*

*LYCIDAS.*

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful, as the ſtrains you ſing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky.
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

*THYRSIS.*

Behold the groves, that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.

Here

# HYEMS, SIVE DAPHNE.

## ECLOGA IV.

*LYCIDAS.*

NON tam triſtè ſonat trepidans per gramina rivus,
Quàm mihi, Thyrſi, tuâ modulatum carmen avenâ:
Nec riguas inter labentïa flumina valles
Tam blandùm, tam dulcè fluunt. Jam vellere molli
Suffultæ pecudes placidæ dant membra quieti.
Candida conſcendit cœlum face luna ſerenâ,
Et modulos oblita ſilet gens alma volucrum.
Incipe; crudeli præreptam funere Daphnen
Dicamus; dicenda neget quis carmina Daphnæ?

*THYRSIS.*

Aſpice, ut excuſſo capitis frondentis honore
Marcet iners, gelidiſque albet nemus omne pruinis.

Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

*LYCIDAS.*

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field!
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

*THYRSIS.*

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your chryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring.
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died:
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:

"Let

Hìc ego, quæ dulci teſtudine luſit Alexis,
Carmina tentârim, Dryadas queis ille ſequentes
Montibus elicuit? Stratis æqualiter undis
Audiit hæc Thamiſis, ſaliceſque ediſcere juſſit.

*LYCIDAS.*

Sic pluviis fœcundus aquis ſata nutriat humor,
Et lætos faciat venturis meſſibus auctus!
Incipe; ſic Daphne moriens mandavit, & inquit,
" Carminibus tumulum memores luſtrate, coloni!
Incipe, ego triſti dum munere functus, agreſtem
Arbuteis tumulum virgis & vimine texo.

*THYRSIS.*

Vos, ô Caſtalides, ſacratos linquite fontes,
Et Satyri, & Nymphæ, ferali texta cupreſſo
Serta date. O, lachrymis quis enim modus adſit? Amores
Idalii, mœſtâ fontes obducite myrto;
Frangite nunc arcus, nam ſic fleviſtis Adonin.
Nunc nudas deponite, inania tela, ſagittas,
Cuſpide vel verſâ tumulo hoc inſcribite carmen:

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more !"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See, gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah ! what avail the beauties nature wore ?
Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more !

For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad, than when they ſing their own.
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies :
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore.
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleaſure is no more !

No.

" Se mutet natura, ſolumque & ſidera plorent,
" Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia amorum!

Sic placitum ; natura anni languentis honores
Mutat, & obſcurum contriſtant nubila cœlum.
Illachrymat mœſtùm guttis ſtillantibus arbor,
Avulſiſque comis ſpargit lugubre feretrum.
Heu! lapſus periit, Daphne pereunte, virentis
Ruris honor : nituiſſe juvat quid floribus arva?
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia florum!

Victa dolore pecus viridantibus abſtinet herbis,
Nec meminit quadrupes attingere fluminis undam ;
Albentes cycni Daphnen flevêre, nec unquam
Tam dulci extremam linguâ cecinêre querelam,
Cum ſua fata vocant : mœſtum caput abdita ſylvis
Aut ſilet, aut Daphnen plangentibus aſſonat Echo.
Illa ſuam nuper Daphnen, ea ſola voluptas,
Littoris incurvi ſcopulos reſonare docebat ;
Nunc omnis periit, Daphne pereunte, voluptas!

Non

No grateful dews defcend from ev'ning fkies,
No morning odours from the flow'rs arife;
No rich perfumes refrefh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenfe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, filent fince her death,
Lament the ceafing of a fweeter breath;
Th' induftrious bees neglect their golden ftore.
Fair Daphne 's dead, and fweetnefs is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne fings,
Shall lift'ning in mid air fufpend their wings.
No more the birds fhall imitate her lays,
Or hufh'd with wonder, hearken from the fprays;
No more the ftreams their murmurs fhall forbear,
A fweeter mufic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal fhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and mufic is no more!

Her fate is whifper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in fighs to all the trembling trees;

The

Non jam nocturni descendunt æthere rores,
Non Zephyro flores spirant, non floribus agri,
Nec soliti campis herbarum afflantur odores.
Tristè silens Zephyrus, Daphne, tua funera deflet,
Dulcior heu Zephyris Daphne, dum vita manebat!
Oblitæ jam ruris, apes se in tecta recondunt,
Nec liquido curant distendere nectare cellas.
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gloria mellis!

Non ultrà attonitæ, Daphne dum cantat, alaudæ
In medio celeres suspendent aëre pennas.
Non numeros mirata dehinc Philomela canentis
Audiet, aut similes imitabitur æmula cantus.
Non aurita prement lapsus jam flumina, Daphnes
Auditura modos & non imitabile carmen.
Flebilè sed junci, sed flebilè ripa sonabunt.
Pulchra perit Daphne, perit omnis gratia cantûs!

Heu fatum crudele! gravi nemus omne susurro
Ingeminat; Daphnes fatum sub vallibus imis

Sylva

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears.
The winds, and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green.
There, while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

*LYCIDAS.*

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,

In

Sylva gemit, gemituſque ferunt ad flumina valles.
Flumina, quæ nuper leni labentia rivo
Stringebant ripas, magno nunc turbida motu
Volvuntur, ſternuntque fretis undantibus arva.
Te, ſylvæ, te auſtri, te, Daphne, flumina plorant;
Heu ſuperas, Daphne, nunquam reditura ſub auras!

Sed viden! æthereos Daphne ſuperevolat orbes,
Miraturque infrà ſtellaſque & nubila volvi.
Hîc cœleſte ſolum, hîc facies lætiſſima rerum
Semper, & æterno viridantes gramine campi.
Seu tu prata tenes Amarantho umbrata recenti,
Seu legis uſque novos formoſo pollice flores,
Aſpice nos, rebuſque veni non aſpera noſtris,
Tu Dea, tu Daphne, votis jam aſſueta vocari,
Nec lachrymis ultrà mœſtiſve urgenda querelis.

*LYCIDAS.*

Ut tranquilla ſilent loca cuncta, ſtupentque canentem!
Sic, labente die, Philomela ſilentia mulcet,

Dum

In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft' a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

*THYRSIS.*

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews.
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe.
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay.
Time conquers all, and we muſt time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherds, rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewel, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewel; and all the world adieu!

THE

Dum placido Zephyrus per ſylvam ſibilat ore
Leniter aſpirans, & ventilat aëre frondes.
O Dea, ſæpè tibi teneram mactabimus agnam,
Si fœtura gregem pleno ſuppleverit anno.
Sic umbras dum ſylva dabit, dum Chloris odores,
Noſtra eris, æternùm noſtris celebrabere faſtis.

*THYRSIS.*

Sed jam lethiferos rores diffundit Orion.
Surgamus; pini gravis eſt cantantibus umbra.
Sævit atrox boreas, ſentit natura ſenectam.
Omnia fert ætas, breve & inſuperabile tempus
Omnibus eſt vitæ. Felices vivite campi,
Vivite flumineæ valles, monteſque ſupini:
Vivite, paſtores, paſtorum vivite luſus.
Tu, Daphne, & quicquid vaſto complectitur orbe
Terra, vale; æternùm ſylvæque urbeſque valete.

# THE MESSIAH.

*A SACRED ECLOGUE.*

YE Nymphs of Solyma, begin the ſong;
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more. O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies.

Th'

# MESSIAS.

*ECLOGA SACRA.*

BETHLEMIDES Nymphæ, cœleſte indicite carmen.
Si canimus Numen, carmen ſit Numine dignum.
Nam neque muſcoſi fontes, neque ſomnia Pindi,
Nam neque Pierides, ſylviſque umbrata profanis
Rura juvant. O, qui Iſaiæ ſacra ignibus ora
Luſtraſti, Tu vocem inſpira animamque canenti.

Hæc retulit vates venturi præſcius ævi.
Concipiet Virgo, pariet Virgo integra prolem.
Stirpe è Jeſſæâ naſcetur virga, perenni
Flore nitens; auris redolet fragantibus æther.

Olli

Th' etherial Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
Ye Heav'ns, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient Fraud ſhall fail;
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heav'n deſcend.

Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
O ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See, nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring.
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance.
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies.

Hark,

Olli divinus per frondes lenè feretur
Spiritus, inque apicem deſcendet myſticus ales.
Infirmis ægriſque mali contagia cæli
Defendet, gravidoſque notos æſtuſque nocentes.
Deſuper, ô cœli, rorantem inducite nubem,
Et lætum tacitis demittite lapſibus imbrem.
Crimina jam fugient; terras Aſtræa reviſet.
Fraus antiqua cadet, placidâque inſignis olivâ
Pax, et cana Fides almo remeabit olympo.

Pergite feſtinis procedere menſibus, anni,
Et jubar optatum terris, Aurora, reclude.
Naſcere, Dive Puer; jam nunc tibi germine læto
Terra tumet, funditque novis munuſcula cunis.
Te nemus omne vocat, te mons, te vallis, et altis
Excita ſylva jugis: tibi celſa cacumina motat
Exultans Libanus. Sacro jam fidera fumo
Lambit odoratus Saron, jam florea pandit
Munera Carmelus, ſertiſque virentibus halat.

Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert chears;
Prepare the way; a God, a God appears.
A God, a God, the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, rise.
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

In

Audin, per ſaltum reſonat vox læta, propinquo
Sternite iter Domino: coràm quem quæritis, adſtat
Ecce Deus. Deus, ille Deus cava culmina circùm,
Auritæque ſonant rupes, ſylvæque loquaces.
Aſpice, devexo labentem ex æthere tellus
Excipit in gremium: prono ſubſidite, montes,
Vertice; Numen adeſt, humiles aſſurgite valles.
Aſpera jam plano venienti tramite mollem
Pandite, ſaxa, viam; frondes jam ſpargite, ſylvæ,
Blandaque pacatis decurrite, flumina, ripis.
Huc, ſurdi, huc aures, oculos huc vertite, cæci:
Hic Vir hic eſt, vobis patrum promiſſus ab ævo.
Hic omnem ex oculis, infuſo lumine, noctem
Eripiet, ſolemque dabit cælumque tueri.
Hic aurem obſtructam ſuperâ virtute recludet,
Mulcebitque novo cantu, numeriſque ſonoris.
Dulcè canet mutus, pernicéque jam pede claudus
Exultim ludet, ceu ſaltans per juga cervus.
Jam dolor, et lachrymæ, et mœſto queremonia vultu
Abſiſtent terris: jam centum vincta catenis

In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promiſed Father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more.
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a ploughſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe: the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-lived ſire begun.

Their

Mors inferna ruet: capiti jam vulnus adactum
Sentiet æternâ Stygius ſub nocte tyrannus.

Ac veluti paſtor, cui dulcia ovilia curæ,
Paſcua læta gregi explorat zephyroſque ſalubres,
Noctes atque dies animis vigilantibus inſtat,
Seu regit errantem, ſeu fortè per avia lapſam
Quærit ovem; caſus omnes à matribus arcet;
Ipſe levans ulnis teneros complectitur agnos,
Ipſe manu paſcit, fotoſque in pectore mulcet:
Talis erit, tali populos pietate regendos
Suſcipiet ſæcli cuſtoſque paterque futuri.
Tum placidâ gentes coaleſcent pace, nec ultrà
In pugnas ſtragemque ruent: rutilantia ferro
Agmina nec ſternent adeò formidine terras,
Nec tuba terrifico martem ciet ærea cantu.
Sed priùs apta neci in falcem conflabitur haſta,
Inque uſum gravidi curvabitur enſis aratri.
Regia marmoreis ſurgent tum tecta columnis,
Exultanſque hæres rapti molimina patris

'Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field:
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
And ſtart amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte, ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn.
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ry palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleaſed the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.

Riſe,

Ardua perficiet; sibi quos conseverit agros,
Ipse metet; facient vineta nepotibus umbram.
Surgere tum cernet vasta inter rura colonus
Liliaque et lætos inopino gramine campos:
Audiet et trepidus sitientes inter arenas
Insolitum erumpens murmur fluctusque cadentes.
In scopulo, nuper quà consedêre dracones,
Jam virides junci formosaque nutat arundo.
Quà deserta priùs vallis stetit horrida dumis,
Consurgent abies crispoque cacumine buxus:
Quà frutices nudi et spinis paliurus amaris,
Floriferæ palmæ et myrti nascentur odoræ.
Florea vincla puer tigri subnectet inermi,
Permixtique lupis pascent in montibus agni.
Cum tauro in stabulis placidus leo stabit apertis,
Ruricolæque pedes innoxia vipera lambet.
Cristatum basiliscum infans viridemque colubrum
Excipiet plaudetque manu: fulgentia squamis
Tergora lustrabit risu, ludensque trisulcæ
Spicula nec linguæ metuet nec inane venenum.

Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe,
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes.
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn,
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide they riſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies.
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean ſprings.
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn:
But loſt, diſſolved in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

O'erflow

Regia ſurge Salem: radiis redimita coruſcis
Surge, et turritum celſo caput inſere cœlo.
Aſpice, quanta tibi ſpatioſa per atria lucet
Progenies: ſuperas ardent evadere in auras
Et nati natæque, et qui naſcentur ab illis.
En tibi, ſplendentis cœli nova ſigna ſecutæ,
Barbaricæ agglomerant gentes: en ad tua læti
Limina contendunt gazis orientis onuſti
Suppliciter reges, et natum Numen adorant.
Suavibus in ſylvis tibi balſama gignit Idume,
Servat Ophir fulvis nutritum in montibus aurum.

Sed viden, interior latè tibi panditur aula
Cœlicolûm, totuſque oculis illucet olympus.
Non jam mane novo Sol proferet ampliùs orbem,
Nec veſpertinum replebit Cynthia cornu:
Sed radiis immerſa tuis ſua ſidus utrumque
Lumina ſubducet. Nocturnæ neſcius umbræ
Atria inextinctis tua veſtiet ignibus æther.

O'erflow thy courts. The Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains,
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.

Lucis origo, tuas penitus diffuſa per arces,
Æternùm Deus ipſe ſuo te numine complet.
Æquora inareſcent, rupes cum montibus altis
Flamma feret, fugient cœli ceu fumus in auras:
Aſt hominum ſtat fixa ſalus, ſtat fœdere pacto
Lex, ſummo jurata Deo: tibi regna, tuoque
Semper honos CHRISTO, ſceptrumque decuſque
manebunt.

# S. CATHARINA de Morte Triumphans.

## ECLOGA.

*THYRSIS, DAMON.*

CHRISTIADÆ flebant Catharin crudelia paſſam
Funera; vos, coryli, teſtes & littora Nili.
Quæ latebræ, aut qui vos ſaltus tenuêre, puellæ
Niliades, ſævâ Catharis cùm morte periret?
Nam neque Pyramidum ſacra culmina, nam neque pinguis
Ulla moram vobis faciebant rura Canopi.

O, cui *Belgarum Regina Auguſta per urbes
Credidit Auſtriacas rerum tractanda ſuarum

* Theſe two Eclogues in the firſt edition were dedicated to the late Count Cobenzl, Imperial Miniſter at the Court of Bruſſels.

Pondera,

Ponderə, ſi qua tibi, curis aliquando remiſſis,
Hora vacat, nec te totum ſibi publica poſcunt
Munia, nos noſtramque, tua eſt, Clariſſime, Muſam
Aſpice, quamque ſuo defert ſtudioſa Patrono,
Hanc inter meritas hederam ſine ſerpere palmas.

Jam ſurgens Aurora polo dimoverat umbras,
Solque pruinoſos infuſo lumine montes
Sparſerat; extemplò curis vigilantibus acti,
E ſeptis miſêre greges ad paſcua Thyrſis,
Atque bonus Damon; extinctæ Virginis ambo
Ægri luctu, ambo calamos inflare periti.
Dum ſparſim tondent ſimæ virgulta capellæ,
Dum querulis agni ripam balatibus implent,
Hi procul à gregibus, neque enim conſiſtere mentem
Mœſta ſinit pietas, ſylvæ populantur honores,
Pallentes hederas & funereas cypariſſos,
Extremum tumulo munus. Poſtquam ardua montis
Et ſanctum tetigêre jugum, procumbit uterque
Pronus humi, nudoque gemens ſert oſcula buſto.

Thyrſis

Thyrſis inexpletùm lacrymans, ſolatia luctûs
Nulla capit. Via jam voci ut laxata dolore eſt,
Hæc ſecum gemitu & ſtudio jactabat inani.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Occidit heu! Catharis, Pharii lux maxima ruris
Occidit, immiti Catharis data victima letho.
Te juga, te valles, te noſtra mapalia, Virgo,
Ingemuêre: ipſi, nam te ſenſêre cadentem,
Balantes flevêre greges, luctuſque dedêre.
Te quoque Pyramides, te regia tecta, columnæ,
Et Pharos, & mœſti fleverunt ſaxa Canopi.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Cùm Catharis ſtudiis cœleſtibus incita colles
Per noſtros calamo Divos cantaret agreſti,
Pulſatæ numeros retulêre ad ſidera valles,
Auritæque cavis ſaliêre in montibus orni.
Jam vidui montes, valleſque ſilentia ſervant,
Ni lugubrè gemens per littora murmuret Auſter.

Funde

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Illa rudes animos cultu formavit agreſtûm,
Accenditque ſacro vitæ venientis amore.
Illa, nihil mortale canens, arguta Sophorûm
Arma domat, victrixque ferocia ſubdere cogit
Colla Deo: ſed non ideo crudelia fata
Flectere, vel furias potuit mollire tyranni.

Funde graves mecum, mea tibia, funde querelas.
Hei mihi! quid, Virgo, jam poſt tua funera ſperem?
Certum eſt in tenebris inter deſerta locorum
Condere velle caput, dulceſque relinquere cœtus
Paſtorum, & mœſtis conſumere fletibus ævum.
Ibo, & quæ memori ſub pectore fixa reſervo,
Carmina per montes ſylvis meditabor & auris.
Hæc tanquam inſani mihi ſint medicina doloris!
Jam neque feceſſus nemorum, neque carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: rurſum virides concedite ſylvæ.
Protinus, infandi quando ſolatia caſûs
Reſtant nulla ſuper, ſævo ferienda tyranno

Colla

Colla dabo. Tecum pariter ſic rumpere lucem,
Virgo, juvat, pulchramque pati per vulnera mortem.

Siſte graves mecum, mea tibia, ſiſte querelas.
Hæc Thyrſis, cui ſic reſpondit in ordine Damon.
Niliacæ Nymphæ, quis tum vos ſenſus habebat,
Cùm Catharis flammas inter denteſque rotarum
Pendebat diſtricta, & non muliebriter audens
Collectas tortorum iras, omneſque minantis
Una laceſſebat gladios igneſque tyranni?

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Cùm deprenſa manus inter jam ſtaret, & ultro
Vitam, juſſa mori, lictoris ſubderet enſi,
Sanguineum facinus mucro horruit, atque pudicam
Vulnere cervicem timuit ſignare cruento.
Quà niveis avulſum humeris caput excidit, albo
Lactea prorumpit ſalienti flumine lympha.

Tollite

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Quale nitent inter lactentia lilia mixtæ
Purpureo ſplendore roſæ; ſublimè per auras
Qualis aquam juxta myrtus ſe tollit, & omnem
Ambroſio ſpirans ſylvam perfundit odore;
Aut Libani qualis ſtat celſo in vertice cedrus,
Sic Pharias inter Catharis pulcherrima Nymphas.

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
India diffuſo ſpatiantem flumine Gangem
Suſpicit, Euphratem Babylon, & Parthia Tigrim:
Dum Catharis formoſa ſuum tenet incola Nilum,
Parthiaque, & Babylon concedet, & India Nilo.

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Cùm diverſa ruens ſeptena per oſtia Nilus
Divite fœcundat vicinos gurgite campos,
Vernat ager, vernant meſſes, annique labores.
Sic ubi doctrinæ Catharis miracula promit,
Et liquidas recludit opes, fonteſque ſalubres

Eloquii

Eloquii, læto virtus se germine fundit,
Et felices cœlo animas plaudente reponit.

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Attonitas audin' clangor quis perculit aures?
Cœlicolûm pennata phalanx per nubila vectat
Virginis exuvias, famuliſque exercitus alis
Plaudit ovans, notoque infert ſacra oſſa ſepulchro.

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Salve ſancte Sinai, mons ô gratiſſime cœlo,
Ante alios ſalve tanto dignate trophæo:
Tu face nimboſâ & præſentis numinis olim
Fulmine terrificus, prono nunc culmine mitis
Extinctos cineres, ductamque ex ordine pompam
Excipis, & gremio depoſtam amplecteris urnam.

Tollite humo Catharim, ſuper æthera tollite, Divi.
Sed viden' æthereos Catharis ſuperevolat orbes;
Supra Euri Zephyrique domos, ſtellaſque micantes
Surgit,

Surgit, & æternum, jam cœli ascripta beatis
Diva choris, victâ ducit de morte triumphum.

Parcite, jam Catharis tenet æthera, parcite Divi.

## S. CATHARINA de Philoſophis Triumphans.

### ECLOGA.

DICITE, Niliades, nam vos meminiſſe poteſtis,
Dicite, quæ Cathari quondam memorante, beata
Audiit Ægyptus, populoſque ediſcere juſſit.

Sæpiùs illa feros ſpe palmæ luſerat hoſtes,
Exueratque dolos cæcos, arteſque tyranni.
Ille adeò indignans, innecti vincula captæ
In caveamque trahi mandat, circumque Lycæi.
Convenêre, quibus facundæ copia linguæ,
Aut mens acris erat. Veniunt arguta dicacis
Agmina Ariſtotelis; tumidis Academica buccis
Turba venit; venit & dubiis gens nata ferendis

Sceptica;

Sceptica; tum fuſis rugoſa per ora capillis
Horrentes Cynici, atque Epicuri exercitus omnis.

Jamque dies prædicta aderat, jam docta theatrum
Agmina complêrant, queis ſe Maxentius infert
Spectator pugnæ. Jam curva ſedilia circùm
Infuſum excipiunt populum, turbamque ſonantem.
Stat ſola in medio Catharis, velut alma rapaces
Agna lupos inter, tam forti pectore conſtans,
Quàm roſeis formoſa genis: ſimul omnibus inſit.
Tum verò arrectos narrantis ab ore videres
Socraticos pendere greges, tum neſcia flecti
Antehac, paulatim molleſcere corda tyrannum.
Non ſic mirata eſt Moſen Carmelia rupes,
Non ſic Jeſſiaden Solymæ ſtupuêre canentem.

Namque canebat, uti vaſtum per inane coactus
Numinis imperio, primùm concreverit orbis
Ex nihilo, hic pulcher rerum, quem cernimus, ordo.
Vis æterna Dei, molem diffuſa per omnem,

Numine

Numine cuncta movet : præsens terramque polumque
Ille replet, totumque unus regit arbiter orbem.
Hinc ventis agitata tument, hinc strata quiescunt
Æquora, sidereis hinc pascitur ignibus æther.
Hinc sylvis autumnus opes, hinc gramina tellus
Verna parit, segetesque novis cum fructibus æstas.

Inde genus mortale refert, Edenaque Tempe
Fatiferique esum pomi, pœnasque Parentum.
Ipsa ut deinde Dei, numen de numine, proles
Par Patri æterno, mortales sumpserit artus
Factus homo.—Ut, postquam decreti temporis orbem
Vivendo explêrat, ligno moribundus ab alto,
Innocuo sontem reparârit sanguine mundum.
Illum expirantem, suspiriaque ægra trahentem
Fleverunt elementa ; gravi conterrita motu
Terra tremit, mœstam templo cortina ruinam
Fissa trahit, lacrymant aræ, tumulique dehiscunt.
Ipsum etiam, obducto nigrâ ferrugine vultu,
Officii puduit, patienti Numine, solem,

Conscia que

Conſciaque æternam pavit gens impia noctem.
At Chriſtum, edomiti ſpoliis Acherontis ovantem,
Tertiâ lux ſuperas redivivum eduxit in auras,
Immortale, ingens, & non violabile numen.
Inde quater decies cùm ſol reparaverat ortus,
Atque diem toties pronâ nox clauſerat umbrâ,
Ille triumphali victor jam lætus honore,
Patris in amplexus ſublimè per aëra magnum
Ibat ovans, rerumque tenet per ſæcula habenas,
Non magno Genitore minor; cui maxima mundi
Sidera torquenti manet inconcuſſa poteſtas.

His adjungit, uti noſtræ memor uſque ſalutis,
Bis ſenos, genus indoctum, ſed vivida cœlo
Pectora, ſanctorum comitum ſelegerit omni
Ex numero heroas, ſua qui præcepta ſecuti
Informes hominum mores, atque aſpera cultu
Ingenia excolerent, legeſque & ſacra docerent
Chriſticolûm.—At ſi vera cano, ſi magna rependo,

Vos

Vos quoque ne pudeat ſubmittere dura vocanti
Corda Deo, tenebriſque oculos aperire fugatis.

Talia perſtabat memorans & fixa manebat.
Attonitis ſtat turba animis ſuſpenſa, nec audet
Hiſcere quid contrà; donec jam numinis ipſo
Impulſu trepidi rabiem ſenſuſque profanos
Excutiunt, unumque Deum unâ voce fatentur
Artificem mundi, cœlique erebique potentem.

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